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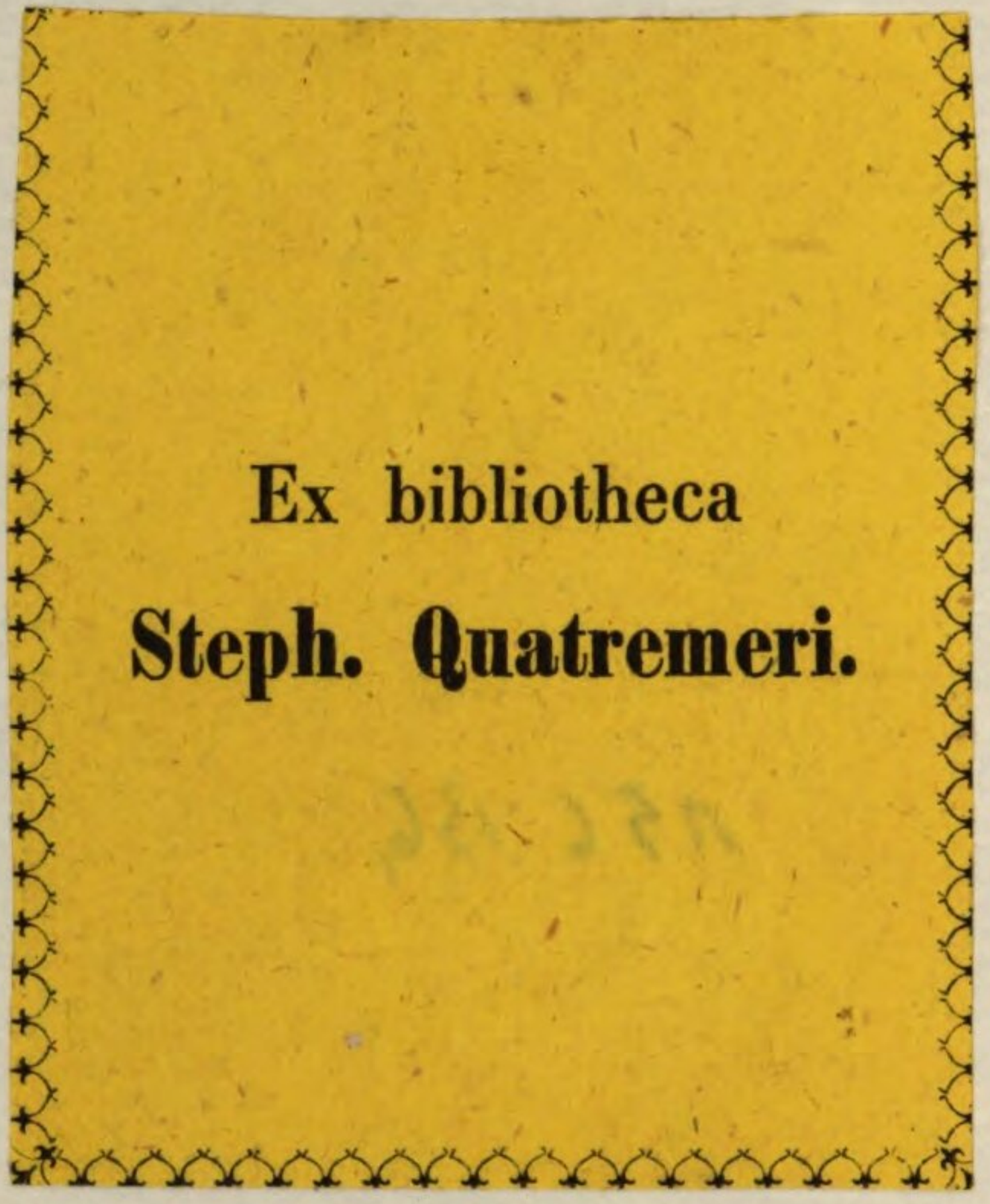

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LISBON

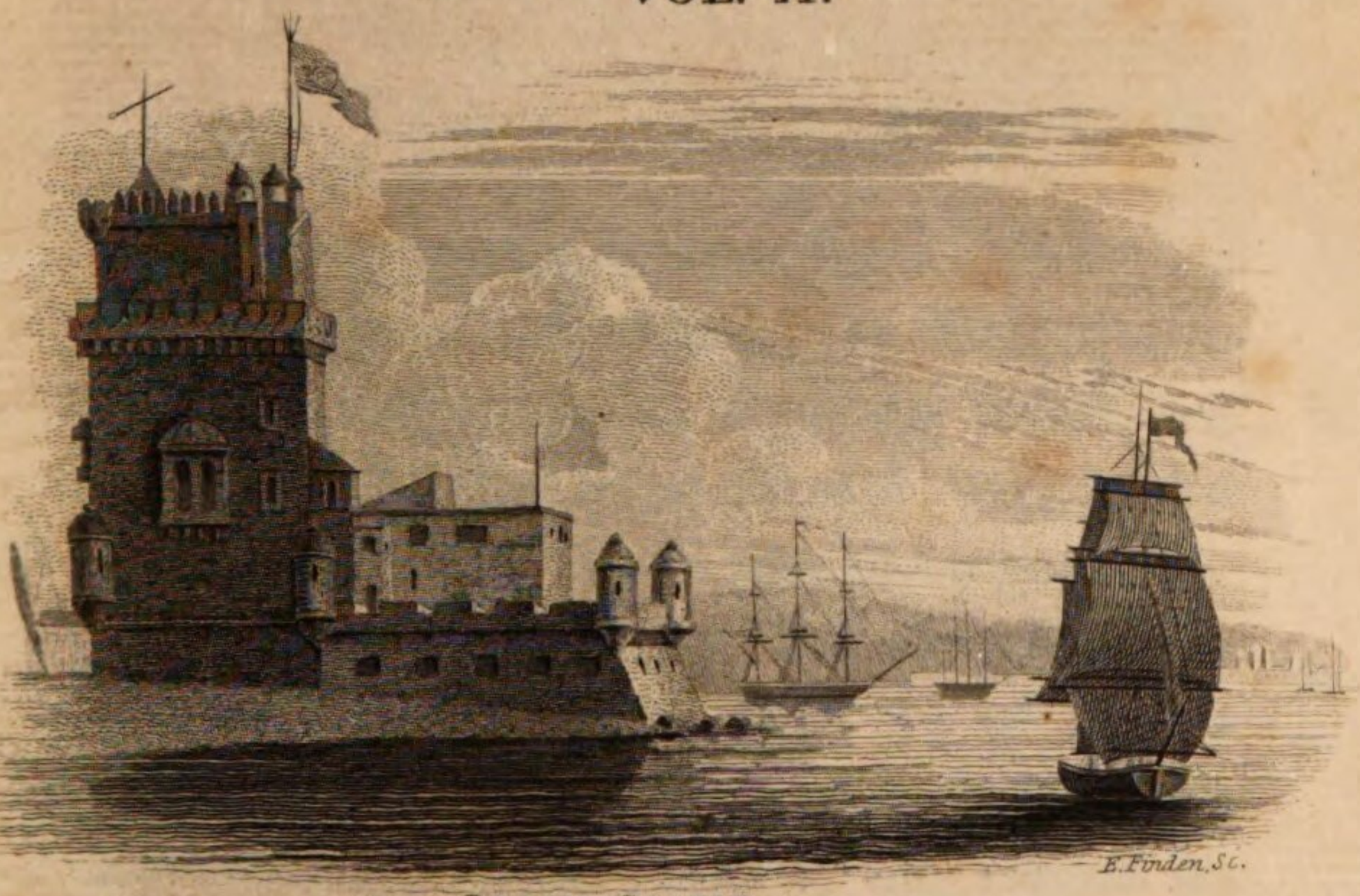
IN THE YEARS 1821, 1822, AND 1823.

BY MARIANNE BAILLIE.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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LETTERS,

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LETTER XXIX.

November, 1821.

We have gleaned some further information this morning, relative to Portugueze opinions and customs, from an intelligent traveller, who has lived several years in the Brazils. He does not appear to be generally addicted to exaggeration, and therefore his account is likely to be correct; of course there are exceptions to all rules, but speaking candidly, I must confess, the report he makes of this people agrees but too closely with that of Costigan and other travellers. The "Sketches," of the former author are

very interesting, and were put into our hands upon first arriving here, by a person who had resided many years in Lisbon, as a true and faithful account of Portugal. It is now openly lent from one to another, but hitherto it has been held in such detestation by the government, that any person known to have it in his possession, would have been liable to the punishment of the Inquisition. We are assured that the state of morality among the upper ranks of society, is much upon a par with that of other European capitals;—no more need be said, for every body understands this estimate. Appearances, however, are (as I once before mentioned) invariably preserved. All husbands go out with their wives into public, and place themselves close to the side of the latter in their carriages, into which no other male, however near his relationship, is permitted to enter. A lady, the head of a Portugueze family, with whom we are acquainted, was the first, and I believe the only person, who broke through this national prejudice; she once admitted an English gentleman into her family coach, together with herself and one or two of her

daughters, and all Lisbon was in consternation on the occasion. At the house of a nobleman in this neighbourhood, I observed a singular ceremony: every master has an arrangement with his servants relative to the arrival of the guests;—if a carriage with one gentleman in it appears in the court yard, the porter rings a sonorous bell *once*, the master hears it but perhaps does not rise from his seat, as it announces only the arrival of an individual, who is not considered to be a man of any particular consequence; if the bell sounds *twice*, he will generally rise, for this means that a grandee is coming; but when the warning stroke is *thrice* repeated he always leaves the room to meet the visitor at the door of the house, for then it is a lady who arrives.

My husband, from the first day of our arrival, has become acquainted with a personage so identified with Lisbon, that to have remained there without sharing in the extensive hospitality of his house, would "argue himself unknown;"—I allude to Mr. S. an Englishman by birth, who has past his life in this country, and is now in the enjoy-

ment of a green old age, surrounded by numerous friends, and blest with the smiles of fortune in a superlative degree: if general report can be trusted, his wealth is immense, and the greater part of it was bequeathed by a relation whose talents had materially benefited the country. The Marquis of Pombal, acknowledged to have been the greatest statesman that Portugal has ever known, bent the whole force of his mind, immediately after the great earthquake in 1755, towards the rebuilding of Lisbon upon an improved plan of architecture. I need not dilate upon his merits as a minister; they are well known to every person who has even the most superficial knowledge of Portugueze history. Among a people beset with all those prejudices which ignorance engenders, and enervated by their national indolence, mental and physical, he found, as might naturally be expected, great difficulty in discovering persons capable of assisting him in the execution of his various plans, and these he at last selected from among the English inhabitants. Perhaps the speedy regeneration of Lisbon ought to be attri-

buted, in a great measure, to their exertions; however, this would not be allowed by the natives.

The Portugueze boast at present, and with great justice, of the excellent quality of their lime, but at the period of which I speak, the manner of preparing it was but imperfectly understood; and the Marquis, complaining one day of its indifferent nature, was answered by an English individual, that, "with the assistance of his excellency, he would undertake to remedy the difficulty." "Very well," replied Pombal, "try what you can do; and he immediately furnished the projector with money and other requisite facilities. A short time afterwards, Lisbon, built with an entirely new and superexcellent sort of lime, sprung up like a phœnix from its ashes. The ingenious inventor in question was the relation of the present Mr. S. of whom I have already spoken; but this, his first speculation, was not, if I am rightly informed, of any great pecuniary advantage to him; his next was of a far more profitable nature.

The Marquis de Pombal, respecting the

generally excellent abilities of his adviser, took various occasions of employing him; and, amongst other matters, consulted him upon the subject of a manufactory of glass, which useful article had, hitherto, been imported: he much wished that it should be made in the country, but was unacquainted with any person who possessed the requisite knowledge and perseverance to undertake the management of such an attempt. Mr. W. S. again offered his services, and supplied by his patron with money and hands, invented and established the first and only glass fabric in Portugal, which remained without rival for nearly half a century afterwards.

By this successful effort he completely made his fortune, and built the square called the "Largo do S—," after his own name, in Lisbon, upon a plan given to him by his illustrious friend: his surviving relative, Mr. S., now resides there, and must, I should think, feel gratified upon being surrounded by such honourable monuments of the talents and respectability of his race. To evince the absolute authority enjoyed, in those days, by

a favourite minister, it is only necessary to add, the Marquis de Pombal gave a similar model for a square to almost every rich man of his acquaintance, each of whom he compelled to expend part of his fortune in building a house there.

During the time of the French invasion, *Lisbon* was the scene of perpetual assassination, and the only method of checking so horrible a crime, was found to be the prohibition of every sort of weapon to the native inhabitants. Upon examining the wells, many of them were found to be completely choked up with dead bodies; and the Inquisition, bad as it was supposed to be, did not always deserve the reputation under which it laboured, for several subjects who were obnoxious to its members, instead of having been confined in its dungeons, found in reality a speedier termination to their sufferings by the pocket-knife of the lower classes. There are several native individuals, who consider this mode of getting rid of their adversaries to have been *meritorious*, and the system is still acted upon, though not so often as formerly. The newspapers

never mentioning *accidents* of this sort, more perhaps are committed than comes to the knowledge of the public, and I have seen several English persons who have been attacked in this manner. The proximity of the Tagus affords great facility in the concealment of murder, and the extreme difficulty in which any fisherman or other person involves himself with the police, by interfering in any manner with a corpse, renders their assistance, in case of need, very doubtful. The laws are so strict in this respect, that any one finding a dead body, is under the necessity of proving himself to be entirely unconnected with its death—and this is, sometimes, almost an impossible task; besides, decomposition in a hot climate takes place so immediately, that bodies are frequently obliged to be interred before any thing in the shape of a coroner's inquest can be instituted.

The weather still continues to be delightful: it is as warm here as in the English month of August, and the sky is always brilliant and clear, though a change of weather is soon

expected to take place. It is very tantalizing, in such an enchanting season, to be constantly confined to the house, or to the dull and narrow boundary of a formal plot of ground, called a garden, which belongs to our hotel, and which, standing very low, and being surrounded by houses, catches but *little* of the pure breeze with which we are at present favoured. I am not, however, wholly ungrateful even for this small piece of ground. As to taking the air in a sege, it is nearly out of the question; I never get into one except from necessity, and the expense, also, is considerable; for if you take a carriage of this sort for a quarter of an hour, to pay a visit in the nearest street, you are charged half a day; and if you take it before one o'clock, you pay for the whole day; I say nothing of the fright one is always obliged to endure, in consequence either of the craziness of the vehicle, or the weakness of the horses generally in use.

Going down a paved street the other day the wheel came off, and we were forced to wait, standing exposed to the rude stare of every passenger, while the driver went

home to procure us another carriage ;* and in ascending another street, at a different time, which was so badly paved and so steep, that it was difficult even to walk on foot, our shaft horse fell down, and remained sprawling in the mud, without sense or motion, appearing in every respect as if he were dead. These accidents are perpetually recurring, as well as those of another kind, scarcely less disagreeable: I allude to the being sprinkled with the dirt of the streets, and the great liability of irreparably soiling

* This accident, however, was the means of our becoming acquainted with a most gentlemanly and agreeable Portugueze judge, who is one of the best informed persons in the country. He saw our distress from his window, and sent his principal domestic to insist upon our making use of his house until the postilion returned. We accepted the offer, and found a curious old-fashioned mansion, where we were hospitably refreshed with wine and cakes, and in the space of half an hour were joined by our courteous host himself, who had, I suspect, paid us the compliment of making a toilette, for his dress, when he entered, was scrupulously correct; he wore his orders, and carried a chapeau bras under his arm. We found his conversation lively and piquant; and he told us that he had formerly visited England, with which he expressed himself to have been delighted.

your gloves and dress in your attempts to arrange the filthy leather curtains with which you hope to shield yourself from the splashing of the wheels. My face, as well as my clothes, was covered with mud thrown up by the latter not long since; and when one reflects that the dirt of Lisbon is no *common* dirt, the imagination sickens, and total confinement to the house is welcomed as the least evil of the two, until health begins to fail from want of air and exercise, and then the same delightful mode of obtaining both must be sought and endured.

LETTER XXX.

November, 14th.

THE Scriptures have been circulated, in an underhand manner, among a few individuals, for some time past; one of our servants, although he attends mass with respectful regularity, expressed a great wish to see the real unaltered and entire bible, and he has just procured one in the Portugueze language translated from our English version, which is sold in Lisbon, at a particular shop, in spite of the priesthood. We sometimes have heard him reading aloud from it, to one of his compatriots, a Gallician; the waiter of the hotel, (a young Portugueze,) possesses a similar copy, and I have more than once heard him say, that their priests were (generally speaking) the greatest knaves in the world. This man, who scarcely opens his lips to us, appearing more reserved towards superiors than is usual, burst out yesterday during dinner, in

a torrent of natural eloquence, upon a casual mention of the Inquisition; nothing could be more forcibly expressed than his detestation of that system, and he assured us that he spoke the universal sentiments of the people; adding, that they had intended to burn the building to the ground, but had forborne, lest the fire might spread to the injury of other houses, and to the ruin of innocent individuals; a proof that a Portugueze mob, even when justly incensed, is not so madly blind, as some of the Corcunda party would lead us to believe.

The first English and Foreign Assembly, took place last Thursday; they are continued weekly, during the winter, and are numerously attended. The natives of the first distinction receive invitations from the directors, of which they usually avail themselves with much apparent pleasure. There is also a Portugueze Assembly, where they, in turn, invite the English and other strangers; the latter is more formal, and is held in truly magnificent apartments, but is not considered to be so gay and cheerful as our own. Many of the fidalgos refused for

some time to honour it with their sublime presence, in consequence of pique against the constitutional directors; the company therefore (not reckoning visitants) principally consists of merchants, who are upon a very different footing in society, and in their claims to general estimation, to those of England. An English merchant, whose family and education are almost always such as reflect credit upon his wealth, has no idea that he is not a proper acquaintance for a nobleman; he feels himself a gentleman in the best sense of the word—a duke can be no more: here the case is far otherwise.

The principal leaders of the new government were all present at our ball, and one of them addressed himself to Mr. Baillie, requesting he would procure him from England, Buonaparte's plan of education for French princes. It is said that hints are likely to be taken from this work, in attempting to re-model the education of the prince royal, who is shortly expected from the Brazils, where he is now remaining as regent in the absence of the king. The Cortes

intend that he shall "make the grand tour," in order to open and liberalize his mind; let them first procure the presence and consent of the prince, who has shown some symptoms of disinclination to a tame submission, not being at all of the timid disposition of Don João, and who, being himself also a husband and a father, is not very likely to brook the idea of being treated as a schoolboy; I have no doubt, however, from all I can gather, that his education greatly needs re-modelling, or rather counteraction.

The foreign society to be met with in Lisbon are now assembled for the winter season, and we contrive to meet occasionally, where we usually and dismally discuss our various sources of annoyance. By foreigners, I mean, chiefly, the corps diplomatique, among whom are several accomplished and amiable persons. We dined lately with a Portugueze acquaintance; the meal consisting of a mixture of French, Italian, and native cookery; a singularity which I remarked was the universal use of wooden tooth-picks, (made at Coimbra, of orange or

myrtle wood, here called " palitos,") which I am told are considered as indispensable appendages to a Portugueze table; two of them were placed by the side of each plate. I should be more surprised at the slight attention which was paid here to the decoration of the eating room, had I not already seen the same neglect in other parts of the continent; but I believe the excessive refinement and luxury of our dining rooms, is peculiar to England alone, as we place our ideas of social delight in the pleasures of a chosen and well assorted party, assembled round our table; this may proceed a little from our cold climate, and a great deal from our love of home.

It was the custom in Portugal not many years since, for the master of the house to receive his company with the most ceremonious distinction; he did not take his place at the head of the dinner table, nor even sit down: but remained standing, or walking about the room, urging them to partake of the delicacies of the entertainment, and assuring each person " that his house, and every thing it contained, was at their entire

and absolute disposal." This is a form of words peculiar to the Portugueze, and of which they make use upon every trivial occasion; like most complimentary phrases, it means nothing. The host, upon solemn dinners of this sort, used formerly to be drest as if for Court, and always waited upon his company himself; and even now, we have seen him rise frequently from table, to attend to the slightest wishes of his guests; surely the latter mode of conduct is somewhat more engaging, though not perhaps so easy as our own.

Portugueze cookery is not at all refined, and to most English tastes it would be highly disagreeable, on account of the profuse quantity of garlic and oil; there is no dinner without rice, drest in numerous ways, nor boiled beef, which, as it is unsalted, they generally eat with ham, or a strong sort of German sausage; the dessert however is always superb. We have again been at the English Assembly, which was remarkably brilliant; the Duchesses of Cadoval and Alafoes, and many of the most distinguished fidalgos being present. I have also been at

a party where I heard the first piano forte player in Portugal; his name is Bontempo, and you must have heard of him in London, some time ago; his execution is miraculous, but he failed in interesting my feelings in the smallest degree; his defects appear to proceed from a want of sensibility, and as true genius never exists without it, I cannot consent to reckon Bontempo a real master of his art; depend upon it, that if poor Merlin had lived a few years longer, he would have made a wooden man who should have composed, and executed pieces of music much in the same style, and fully as well. You have heard, I suppose, that there is such a place in London as Rag Fair; here exists a twin institution, which also passes (among the English residents,) by the same name; it is held every Tuesday in a particular part of Lisbon, and a curious melange of all sorts of commodities it exhibits. Priests' garments, of purple and point lace, flout at women's flannel petticoats, (although the former are sold cheap, the latter dear;) old china rattles against rusty stirrups, and new bridles and saddles (fresh

stolen); boots, breeches, and worsted night-caps, contrast with gold watches, German glass, fans, necklaces, bird cages, and parrots. Here also you may find old trunks, and new furniture, dogs, Canary birds, living crickets in baskets, (kept to enliven the houses by their merry chirrup,) crucifixes and saints, wooden rosaries and wax virgins, horses, asses, and human skeletons! one of the latter (a very perfect specimen) was tendered to Mr. Baillie for three moidores, and the vender obligingly offered to throw in two additional thigh bones to the bargain. The only clean people in Lisbon seem to be the boatmen; their boats are always nicely kept, and they ply in almost as great numbers as those of London. The Portugueze like the water, and many a merry party embarks for "a day's pleasure," upon the magnificent Tagus, although, unlike our fortunate cockneys, they have no exquisite Richmond or Twickenham, no eel-pie island, or Hampton Court gardens, where they may gratify their hungry appetites, and freshen their smoky imaginations! The Lisbon citizens have no brighter resource, than the opposite or adja-

cent shores, nearly as destitute of verdure, shade, or fragrance, as the town itself, where they disembark, mount upon burros (who are found there in great numbers, kept for the purpose,) and ride for several hours in the burning sun, until it is time to return. Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

Reeves's Hotel, Rua do Prior,
Buenos Ayres, Dec. 28th, 1821.

We have had a great deal of wet weather during the whole of this month; some fine hours in almost every day, at its commencement, afforded an opportunity of getting out of doors; but latterly the rain has continued with scarcely any intermission; coming down in torrents, with nearly the force of a water-spout, (as is usual in most countries in this latitude,) accompanied by tremendous and piercing winds, and which have occasioned infinite damage among the shipping. The stoves in this hotel appear to be a great resource, but, in reality, they are a mockery of warmth and comfort; for, in consequence of the high winds, they are never lighted without filling our apartments with suffocating and blinding smoke: we sit, therefore, in our large lofty carpetless apartments,

wrapped up in capotes, furboots, and shawls, while all our endeavours to maintain animal warmth, are defeated by the perpetual draughts of air to which we are exposed. We have six doors, and two windows, to our sitting-room,* none of which will shut close, so that the rain and wind enter freely on all sides, rendering the apartment a perfect cave of Æolus. Dressing for a ball is a severe operation, under these circumstances, as you will easily imagine; but nevertheless I attended the assembly last night. In descending from the heights of Buenos Ayres, into the heart of Lisbon, we crossed a stream of filthy water, which was flowing into the lower part of the city, (from the steep lanes and alleys above,) with the

* The numerous doors to every apartment form a distinctive feature in all Portugueze houses; they have generally a narrow glass window above them, and are so rudely constructed, and so imperfectly finished, (more particularly in regard to their locks and keys,) as to resemble those of our English stables. The best sitting-rooms are almost always built immediately over the stables, and consequently breathe of the odour inseparable from them.

brawling rapidity of a mountain torrent; sometimes horses or oxen, crossing the streets at an unfavourable moment, have been known to be carried away by the force of these currents; a poor Gallego the other day, loaded with a large sofa, and some heavy chairs, was turning the corner of one of the above-mentioned lanes, (travessas,) when the wind took him completely off the ground, and whirled him suddenly from one side of the street to the other. Our windows command the Tagus, and it is really a sublime spectacle to look down upon the river, raging and heaving under the influence of the storm, its white breakers dashing against the opposite shores of Almada, in showers of snowy foam, and tossing the vessels up and down, notwithstanding their anchors.

On Christmas Eve, in the church of the Loretto, there was performed a most splendid midnight mass, and all the bells of the different convents and places of worship let loose their "iron tongues;" private masses were also performed in almost every house. Christmas does not appear to be kept with

much hilarity in this country, if I may judge from the street ceremonies, and from a large Christmas party, to which we were invited lately.

The only "sign of the times" which I myself observed, was the appearance of three or four underlings, belonging to the priesthood, going about to solicit alms from the charitable; and the only music consisted of a few melancholy and discordant trumpets, played by some bands of different regiments, who roamed from house to house, to wish you the "Boas Festas," (which is an expression equivalent to our "Merry Christmas and happy new year,") for which they of course expected to receive a pecuniary gratification. The party to which I have just alluded was large, and the apartments very magnificent; but the eternal card table effectually prevented any expression of that animated social enjoyment which is peculiar to similar meetings in "Merry England." Yet, even there, the warm hospitality and the broad honest cheeriness of spirit, which distinguished the good old Christmas week, are fast declining, checked by the pressure

of these "iron times," and chilled by the freezing influence of the sneering demon of ultra-refinement. One or two of the ladies wore the Spanish costume, than which nothing can be handsomer, or more graceful; a friend lately paid me an evening visit in this sombre but rich dress, which consisted of a black boddice and petticoat, deeply fringed (called the vasquinha, or basquinha,) and a long veil of black lace (the mantilla) thrown over the back of the head, and crossed over the bosom on the left side, confined by a diamond pin: the Condeça d'A. has one of very great value, being entirely trimmed with garnet fringes of a large size and brilliant lustre: the taste for this costume, however, is by no means common in Portugal; for the national dislike between the two people seems to extend even to the dress of each. I know a Portugueze lady, who never permits her daughters to wear the vasquinha, her objection arising entirely from a feeling of animosity and disgust towards every thing Spanish!

Nothing more decidedly proves the rude state of the country, than a journey into the

provinces; in the first place, the roads are so intolerable, that most travellers find themselves completely exhausted, before they arrive at the place of their destination; they are obliged also to carry mattresses, pillows, sheets, mosquito curtains, and many articles of food with them, as there are few inns, and those of the very worst description, scarcely affording any accommodation beyond a mere shelter from the weather.

The Countess A., whose principal seat is situated near Coimbra, has provided most nobly for the accommodation of those friends who may travel from Lisbon to visit her, by the erection of several houses, at her own expense, furnished with every requisite convenience, and placed at the same points of distance with the common horrible inns. How much reason have many of the English to remember the genuine friendship of this family! I am assured by eye-witnesses, that during the Peninsular war, the princely mansion to which I have before alluded, was ever open to our wounded officers; so much so, that the house resembled an hospital, and the lives of several

individuals were preserved entirely through the kind and unremitting attention which they received from their really illustrious and excellent hosts. The general title of the Fidalgos is "Illustrissimo, e Excellentissimo," but the Condes d'A. merit it in every sense of the term. I ought not to omit, that their example was followed in a more humble way by the peasantry, during the time of that great and eventful struggle; and after this latter proof of just and grateful feeling, *who* ought to suffer themselves to believe that the Portugueze are incapable of moral regeneration? Yet I hear this asserted, every day of my life, by those whose hasty prejudices prevent them from allowing a sufficient space of time for the amelioration of character, among the Portugueze lower classes. If the system, now partially adopted, of national education, is permitted to work out its full effect, Portugal, in twenty or thirty years, will probably present a very different aspect from what it does at this moment. I must now bid you adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

Buenos Ayres, December 29th, 1821.

THE weather, for the last fortnight, has been severely and piercingly cold; with a brilliant sun, and thin and rarified air, which is keen and cutting as the edge of a razor.

January 29th, 1822.

I wrote the last sentence just one month ago; and in this short time, the climate has become so mild and genial, that I must in justice pronounce it to be perfection; but people say it is too fine to last long, and that we are to expect a renewal of rain, and afterwards a repetition of sharp and dry winds: who will pretend, therefore, to call the climate of poor old England uniquely fickle? Believe me that, in this respect, she is much belied; and with all her fogs and frosts, her hail and sunshine, I sincerely

agree with some wise man, (whose name I have forgotten,) when he pronounced, that, of all the countries he knew, (and he had seen many) England had the best right to boast of its climate, for that it allowed a person to take the air out of doors more frequently, and with greater personal ease and pleasure than any other; this is a point-blank contradiction to all those recreant travellers, who go about the world, affectedly lamenting their having been born and condemned to live in so barbarous a clime, prating of Italy and the south of France, of orange-groves, and vine-covered hills, till a real John Bull is ready to throw both themselves and their "Tours" out of the window. With respect to the physical effects produced by the winters of Lisbon upon pulmonary subjects, I really am not presumptuous enough to dispute the opinion of the faculty; but no friend of mine, labouring under a consumptive habit, should ever go to Lisbon for his recovery, if I had the power to dissuade him; not all the care and tenderness of the most devoted affection can procure him those comforts and lux-

uries with which our own country abounds, nor guard him from inconveniences and risques, which, to an invalid, must often prove fatal. If he were of a sentimental turn, and particularly wished to lay his bones in a place fully equal in melancholy beauty to the cemetery of Pere de la Chaise, then I would recommend him to come hither; but if he wished to prolong life to its last sand, and to render his remaining existence comfortable and happy, let him rest contented with the warmer parts of his own island, and put out of his imagination at once, all ideas of the superior advantages this place affords. I now turn from "grave to gay;" and am going to tell you of the glories of a grand ball at the Portugueze Assembly Rooms, given on the 26th of this month, to the élite of Lisbon, and to which the directors, (making a hitherto unheard-of experiment,) had the hardihood to invite the King, and Royal family. A deputation was sent to Queluz, and the answer they received from his Majesty was rather of an ambiguous nature; he simply told them that "he was much obliged to them;"—"Muito obrigado,

Senhores, muito obrigado," was all he would say, and thus the affair rested for the time. Don João, it seems, had never, in the course of his life, been present at a ball, nor indeed at an entertainment of any sort, if we except the opera, and his favourite melodrame, a church feast; this ball also was given upon a particular occasion, to celebrate the first sitting of the Cortes; there were but few persons who expected that he would accept the invitation, and the Corcundas were outrageous at the idea of his Majesty's consenting to compromise his royal dignity so far, as to honour with his presence an assembly where he would be contaminated by the society of persons who were not among the privileged orders. Upon this occasion, an old Portugueze lady, the wife of one of the Deputados, observed to me, that " de king, he always live shut up, wid two or tree fools, and never know nothing of what de world is, not at all!" Wagers to a very large amount were laid by persons in Lisbon, that the King would not go, and what rendered it more likely was, the various anonymous letters which he received, warning him not

to attend the ball, as the constitutional party had determined to blow up the house with gunpowder, as soon as he touched the threshold." This I was told was a fact, and it is suspected to have been done by the Corcundas, in order to mortify the directors, by the non-arrival of the monarch, for whose reception they had expended so much money, pains, and time. On the morning of the 26th, the King reviewed the troops, and was well received by the people; one man, who was the organ of the mob, repeatedly shouted, "Viva o Rey Constitucional!" but after this, when the constitutional generalissimo Sepulveda made his appearance, his Majesty was thrown completely into the shade, and Sepulveda welcomed by an universal and deafening thunder of applause; this officer is the natural son of a Fidalgo of very high rank, and possesses a fair reputation, and a manly soldier-like personal appearance; even the Corcunda party allow that his office might have fallen into far worse hands; he is by no means a furious liberal, but seems to act with good sense and moderation upon

most occasions. It is said, (with what justice I know not, but I believe there is *some* truth in the circumstance,) that the government have evinced strong symptoms of an intention to depart in practice from their vaunted theories, and that, in consequence, both the army and several of the provinces are dissatisfied and unsteady. But this is running away from my original subject; let us resume the history of this celebrated ball.

At seven o'clock, we left our hotel, and arrived safely at the scene of action, having passed through Lisbon, the whole of which was illuminated, (even to the topmost story of each house,) and large bonfires lighted in the principal squares. The population were all abroad, decked in their holiday finery, many of the women in the lower classes treading, as usual, the muddy pavement in white satin slippers; the carriages were flying about in all directions, the horse police steadily arranging every thing according to order, with drawn swords, but civil and conciliatory demeanour, guns firing, and the bells of every convent and church

pealing most tremendously; when we entered, the spectacle was really charming; the staircase is particularly fine, and on this evening it appeared like the entrance to an enchanted palace; the balustrades and pillars were wreathed with the freshest flowers; and costly vases, ranged on each side of every landing place, were filled with the rarest and most beautiful plants; the pavement of the outer court was also thickly strewed with rosemary, lavender, and other aromatics, newly gathered, which trampled beneath the feet of the horses and servants, diffused a delightful and refreshing odour. High over our heads, in the hall, fronting the entrance gate, was a transparent painting of Justice, holding the balance with an even hand, while a figure of Love presented a large volume to the spectators, on which was inscribed "*Constituiçaõ;*" an armed warrior on either side supported this painting; on their shields they bore the words "Cortes," and "Don João Sesto:" two doors at the top of the staircase led, one to the suite of dancing rooms, the other to the private apartment in which supper was pre-

pared for the King and his family alone; and each was concealed by full curtains of rich crimson velvet. To lady patronesses and directors of fêtes in London, all this would have appeared a matter of course, and nothing more than what they were in the habit of seeing every season; but in the eyes of the Portugueze, it was novel as well as elegant; I confess, for my own part, that the effect which the fragrance and brilliancy of the roses and other flowers produced upon my senses, was indescribably exhilarating. I believe I expressed my delight too audibly, which might perhaps have led a London circle to have set me down at once as a country cousin; but I do not envy those persons, who would have viewed the scene with apathy; the English alone, among civilized nations, feel ashamed of expressing their pleasurable feelings. Soft music (from the opera of la Festa di Rosa) resounded as the doors opened, and a coup d'œil of dazzling magnificence was discovered; an immense assemblage of persons splendidly dressed, among whom were the six directors, habited in court suits of blue

velvet, relieved with white, being the constitutional colours; the latter were indefatigable in their polite attentions to the company, who perpetually arrived in endless succession, so as to render their office no sinecure. One of them immediately advanced, and taking me from under the protection of my husband, led me into an anti-room, where he assigned me a place amidst a crowd of ladies, who were ranged in rows, three and four deep, (the gentlemen all standing,) awaiting the arrival of the King, who was then at the opera, from whence he had arranged to come to the ball. After waiting full two hours, a message arrived from the royal box, which put the directors into a bustle, and all the ladies into a flutter of expectation; "El Rey, el Rey!" burst from every lip—but no! it was only a gentleman of the court, who brought tidings that his Majesty intended to stay the ballet at San Carlos. I could perceive an evident though repressed feeling of anxiety and doubt at this information, and one or two of the liberal party who sat near me, began audibly to murmur an indignant apprehen-

sion that the king would, after all, delight in disappointing us.

At length, the noise of his heavy coach was heard, resembling the dull lumbering sound of a hearse; then a thundering roll of the drums, and the loud pealing of bells; and while the musicians in the gallery played the constitutional hymn, the directors went forth in a body, to receive the sovereign at the foot of the stairs, from whence they conducted him into an anti-chamber, to rest for a few minutes upon a gold and crimson velvet throne, erected for the purpose. Here the six directors kissed hands; and, after a short interval, Don Joaõ, accompanied by his second son, Don Miguel, (the eldest having remained, as you know, regent in the Brazils,) his married daughter, widow of the late Infante of Spain, the second princess Donna Isabella, and his little grandson, child of the widowed princess, passed through the anti-room in which we sat, attended by the chamberlains and ladies in waiting. The moment they had placed themselves upon their elevated seats at the top of the ball room, the dancing commenced

with great spirit; the ladies, of course, all rose as they passed, and both gentlemen and ladies (at least those who were personally known to them) kissed their hands as they moved through the glittering ranks which opened with difficulty to afford them a passage.

The king was dressed in a scarlet uniform covered with diamonds, and rendered more ceremonious by a sort of scarf drapery, depending from his shoulder, being the ribbon of one of the principal orders: we had both seen him before; indeed, my husband had been presented by the English minister only a few days previous, therefore we were aware of the difference in the usual expression of his countenance, and that which appeared this evening. Terror (extreme, evident, but gradually yielding to the encouraging influence of female beauty and the general respectful devotion of manner exhibited by the gentlemen,) was its predominant character. Don Miguel walked next; a thin slight youth, with pale and rather elegant features, from which, however, every ray of intelligence seemed banished: solemn, upright,

and immovable, when once seated he had the air of a statue or an automaton. The little grandson was this evening very tired and sleepy, and as he sat perched up in state by his royal grandfather's side, with his small legs dangling from a very high and uncomfortable seat, I longed to have possessed the power of carrying him off to bed. Six chamberlains stood ranged behind this regal group, dressed in scarlet coats embroidered with gold, with outrageously long waists, which made them appear all back and stomach. Their various orders, stars, and collars, really dazzled the eye, and they appeared altogether so loaded with finery, and so stiff with embroidery, that they could hardly turn their heads, or make use of their limbs; perfect specimens of the ancient courtier—stiffened, cramped, confined, and unnatural. The dress of the ladies was splendid, and their jewels of incredible beauty and value.* The venerable Don

* One lady wore a necklace of pearls nearly as large as small pigeon's eggs; indeed, the descriptions of magnificent ornament, found in the "Arabian Nights Tales," were here realized.

Bernardo Paes led me to view the royal supper table, to which, by Portugueze etiquette, no person is admitted but the family of the king. As I leaned on the old man's offered arm, I really paused to admire my supporter, for he is the most perfect specimen of unaffected dignity that Lisbon now affords.

The royal banquet was not particularly magnificent; and the prettiest appointments of the table were some gold knives and forks, and a set of alabaster vases crowned, a l'antique, with roses: the apartment was fitted up with white muslin, so as to resemble a tent. We came away early, leaving Don João viewing the dancers, and I learnt that every thing concluded amicably and prosperously; the king went quietly to bed, instead of being blown up, and the ultra faction will, I hope, suffer him to retain the tranquillizing conviction, that his life is perfectly safe from the *bloody* designs of a Constitutional government!—Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 1822.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion which has afforded my curiosity a high treat. I have seen the interior and domestic arrangements of one of the strictest convents in Portugal; a favour which was graciously awarded to me by the dowager princess, aunt of the present king, and which, I believe, has hitherto, been refused to every other English woman. My kind friend, with her usual goodness, called for me, with her daughters, to present me to the princess, who was expected to visit the convent: they were all beautifully dressed, without hats, (and I was also requested to wear either a veil or a cap, on account of the sanctity of the place of rendezvous,) which is about three miles from Lisbon, close to the Palace of Ajuda, and is called the Convent of the Visitation, in allusion to the visit of the angel to the mother of John

the Baptist. The patron saint is the celebrated and really excellent St. Francis de Sales, whose "Life" the nuns have promised to lend me. When we drove into the court-yard, we found several carriages, as it is customary for those Portugueze families who have friends or relations here, to visit the latter in the different parlours, (where they converse through a double grating, under the scrutiny of an attendant of the convent, appointed to their hateful office by the superior,) on those days when the princess enters to hear mass. We were received by the portresss, an old woman, who had not taken the vows, but was habited in a sort of intermediate costume, which partook of the peasant and the nun; she embraced my friend, who treated her with the kindest familiarity. A part of this establishment is appropriated to the reception of very young ladies of family, whose education, even in the different branches of ornamental accomplishment, is carried on under the superintendance of the nuns: the Condeça d'Anadia, and many others of the nobility, were brought up here. We waited about an hour, I think, in

one of the parlours, for the arrival of the princess, who came from Queluz, which is at a considerable distance, on the road to Cintra; here we were joined by several ladies, who were waiting to see their imprisoned relatives. My curiosity was irritated not a little, by the sight of a large window, which opened from this room into the interior of the nunnery, and whose massive shutters, defended by a strong double grating of iron, were fast closed, although I could plainly hear the whispers and footsteps of the persons in the inside. At last these ponderous shutters slowly opening, like the jaws of a tomb, a nun presented herself at the grating, to the view of her family, consisting of her mother, sisters, and one young man, who, I suppose, must have been a brother or near relation. The effect of this scene was really startling, when thus beheld for the first time; the family ranged themselves upon chairs in a half circle around the dismal aperture, beyond which, half lost in gloomy shadow, sat the nun, nearly motionless, except when she slowly bowed to us as we passed through the parlour; her

youth and beauty (for she possessed both, as I afterwards found upon nearer inspection) for ever shrouded beneath a costume which gave her nearly the appearance of a corpse: it consisted of a full loose habit of black serge, which greatly obscured the outline of the figure, from the long peaked waist of which depended a rosary of black beads: at the bosom a silver cross was displayed, of a very large size, made to open in the inside for the purpose of containing relics; a long veil of black serge fell over this dress, beneath which the face was just visible, (but no hair shown,) being swathed up in white linen; a wimple of the latter material, covering the throat and bosom, completed the costume. The countenance of this nun was pale and melancholy; or perhaps I should rather say that thoughtfulness was its predominant expression. I saw her afterwards in the interior of the convent, (walking in one of the long corridors, where the sisterhood take daily exercise during rainy weather,) with her mother leaning upon her arm, and followed by her young sisters. The character of her countenance was invariably the same;

but her mother (strange to say!) appeared in high spirits, and had a round simpering unmeaning face, which spoke at once, that strong feeling of any kind was to her a stranger. The bells of the convent now ringing out a merry peal, and the sound of wheels being heard in the outer court, we all confusedly hurried into the hall to receive the princess, who, surrounded by her ladies in waiting, immediately entered; she is, I believe, nearly eighty, and very plain, but her manners are gracious, (comparatively considered,) and she has the reputation of much benevolence and kindness of heart. Here my friend, as is usual during every interview with a royal personage, kneeling upon both knees, on the cold flagged pavement, kissed her hand, and then presenting me, I was permitted the same honour, in the same position; shortly afterwards she took an opportunity of requesting, as a personal obligation, that her "particular friend, a young lady who, after travelling much upon the continent was come to Portugal for the improvement of her mind, might be allowed to accompany the princess and her suite into the *penetralia* of the con-

vent." Permission having been granted, for which I felt extremely anxious, we proceeded to the chapel, where two venerable priests (one of whom appeared to be of the most advanced age) celebrated mass. During this ceremony we found an opportunity of slipping away, after having knelt upon the bare pavement for some minutes, to view the interior of the establishment, which in all its parts is highly worthy of observation, and I may add of admiration. The cells were beautifully neat—the beds of white muslin spotless as snow, and the boarded flooring delicately clean: a chair, a table, a low footstool used for the purpose of prayer, a crucifix, and a few prints of saints, and of the virgin, comprized the only furniture. Over each door a sentence is inscribed in praise of some particular virtue or Christian grace, which the inmate is recommended to cultivate; the cell in which I first, by accident, sat down to rest, was dedicated to *Patience*, and I could not help considering the present circumstance as a coincidence, when I reflected upon the peculiar state of my own mind at that time.

The windows were strongly guarded by iron gratings, but they looked upon the convent garden, and the sun streamed brightly and cheerfully into the apartments. The difference of feeling, however, with which a visitor and a resident must regard these habitations, cannot be otherwise than immense; human nature (considered without reference to particular exceptions) must ever be the same in youthful individuals, and the monotony inseparable from a cloistered life, is alone sufficient to bring on a total disgust of existence. In defiance of all the praises which are sure to be lavished upon their mode of passing time, by all nuns, when they are asked by visitors if they are happy, (praises which are prompted partly by bigotry, and partly from an *esprit de corps*,) I am decidedly of opinion, that in the secret recesses of their souls, they must be preyed upon by that worst of all sufferings, for which we (English) have no specific name, although we are more afflicted by it, in reality, than our Gallic neighbours, who have briefly defined it in a short single word—*ennui*. Indeed, I am supported in the conviction, by

the medical report of a very intelligent and amiable physician of our own nation, who has lived a great deal in catholic countries, and who has had repeated opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject, from the circumstance of having been admitted, in his professional character, to the conversation of these imprisoned females. He has invariably found, that the younger nuns die, generally speaking, of decline, brought on solely by a feeling of ennui, which poisoning the very springs of existence, conducts them slowly but surely, to the tomb. The young scholars dine altogether in a hall adjoining the vast and commodious kitchen: I saw the cloth laid for their dinner, which is served at eleven o'clock, as they breakfast by day-break, and retire to rest at eight; every thing was delicately and elegantly arranged, and each girl had her own large silver drinking cup, and a fine napkin placed beside her plate. Their dormitory was the perfection of neatness; each scholar sleeps in a small separate bed, with white transparent mosquito curtains; the apartment is lighted at night by a lamp suspended from the ceiling, and two grave elderly

femmes-de-chambre sleep there, to preserve order and regularity. The dress of the children is becoming and graceful, consisting of a black stuff frock, a pelerine of white muslin, a transparent white veil, and a forehead band of crimson ribbon, to confine their hair in the simple Madona form; they also wear a broad ribbon round the neck, of the same colour, from whence depends a large silver cross. Every body crowded around my conductress, who seemed to be universally beloved, and she permitted and returned the cordial yet respectful embrace of the humblest females who officiated in the kitchen and offices. She carried me to see her former governess, an ancient nun, who had long been confined to her bed by extreme old age, having the burthen of a century upon her: she appeared lively, and as if her understanding was still clear, but never did I behold such a frail tenement of the human soul!—Flesh she had none, her frame consisting of bones alone, covered by a sallow and wrinkled skin; her eyes, dim and rayless, had sunk deep into her head, and were encircled by a ring of shadowy darkness, the

infallible sign of languor and debility: still the expression of the face was placid, nor is she (I was assured) ever known to complain of her infirmities. I almost expected to behold the slight tie by which the spirit still adhered to the body break while we conversed with her, and had it even so happened, I do not imagine the circumstance would have been greatly distressing, either to her or to ourselves, for I have no doubt but that death, in her case, will be as easy as sleep. After mass we assembled in the scholars' embroidery room, where we saw many beautiful specimens of their work: and we here found the princess, seated on a low chair, at the upper end of the apartment, with all the nuns sitting cross-legged in the Moorish fashion around her. The superior reclined at the feet of her royal visitor; she was a very plain woman, a Swiss catholic, and wore no veil, but a close cut crop of rough hair, which entirely destroyed all dignity of person, and gave her the appearance of a country boy. This office is changed every third year, in order to promote a spirit of humility, and the nuns have all things in common,

upon a similar principle; they never inhabit the same cells for more than twelve months at a time, all the little furniture, even to the prints upon the walls, being ceded in turn to the several possessors. The chief ornaments of the convent were various altars, decorated with white linen, curiously bordered with ancient lace, artificial flowers, and sundry images of the virgin, who was invariably represented by little wax dolls, decked in trumpery tinselled petticoats, standing stiffly out, like the old fashioned bell hoops; there were also, the bones of several saints, carefully preserved in glass cases, the principal among whom was Saint Bruno; his skeleton is clothed in a rich dress, with a corslet and sword; upon one of the fingers could be perceived a ring, dimly sparkling through the silk glove, and the head is of wax, representing that of a young man, with his eyes closed, as if in sleep or death. I also saw some indifferent paintings, as large as life, describing the several acts of humiliation to which our Almighty Redeemer vouchsafed to submit while on earth. As I contemplated

these, the cold objections of the critic were superseded by a higher and warmer feeling; the paltry execution of the pictures ceased to offend my taste, and the recollection of the stupendous condescension and the ineffable love of that Divine Being, was borne in upon my mind, with such sudden and powerful force, that I seemed to myself to be struck, as if for the first time, with the sublime truths of sacred history. Under this impression, I felt inclined to regard, with greater favour than formerly, the universal use of the representative forms, whether as statues or paintings, adopted by the Romish church: to those who look up to the invisible, through the medium of what is visible to our corporeal sight, the custom is undoubtedly lawful and edifying; but the great danger is, as experience daily evinces, that the common people should rest satisfied with the image alone, and from the too great multitude of these symbols, consider religion as wholly consisting of external forms and ceremonies.

While I sat in one of the passage rooms, waiting for the signal of the royal departure,

(previous to which it would have been contrary to Portugueze etiquette for us to have left the convent,) the nuns crowded eagerly and inquisitively around me, asking various questions, and regarding me with looks of eloquent curiosity: some of them spoke French, and one in particular appeared to regard me with peculiar benevolence; she was very young, with beautiful dark eyes; I could not forbear asking her if she was happy, to which she made the usual conventual reply, "The happiest creature possible;" She then enquired, in her turn, whether I liked their house, herself, and the sisterhood: I answered in the affirmative, observing "that it would be difficult to be displeased with the latter, while they retained countenances of so much kindness and benignity." This pleased them all, and the young recluse gently took my hand in hers, which she continued to hold until the last moment, standing beside my chair, and scarcely ever removing her bright eyes from my face, while now and then I felt her soft cheek pressed to mine, in a transport of juvenile fondness. She wished very much to know whether I

should dislike to become one of their number, but offered no objections to my reasons for declining such a scheme; namely, "that I was a wife and a mother." I wanted to have put a little ring upon her finger as a token of remembrance; but I found it would have been against the rules of their order, as none of the nuns are permitted to retain any worldly ornament: I then gave her my handkerchief, but this being embroidered, was also considered as too fine; and another objection arose from the necessity of requesting the permission of the superior, without which ceremony the nuns dare not accept even a pin. The physiognomy of that lady not happening particularly to charm my fancy, I declined any application of the sort, and my youthful friend contented herself by playfully pulling off a little piece of swansdown from a tippet I wore, which she put into her bosom, with a smile and a nod of her pretty head, as much as to say, "I will keep this trifle for your sake." One of the visitors at the convent had brought her child with her, an infant of six or seven months old, which was passed eagerly from the arms

of one nun to those of another, and almost devoured with caresses:—poor creatures! my heart ached for them; the feelings of maternal affection, which (with a few disgusting and unnatural exceptions) I believe exist in the inmost recesses of every female bosom, whether married or single, spoke plainly by this conduct. How painful is it to contemplate a delusion which places the renunciation of one of the sweetest and the noblest duties of life in the light of a virtue! Yet the celestial influence of a genuine spirit of piety is always of power to soothe and heal the wounds inflicted by fanaticism. Under every different veil or colouring, whether calculated to obscure or to embellish, the bright features of real vital religion remain the same. A striking illustration of this truth I now beheld in a scene which I have reserved for the conclusion of my letter, for every thing else would appear trifling and empty in the comparison. We were shown into the hospital, to which there is a small separate kitchen adjoined, where the comfort and order everywhere apparent, were particularly admirable: the apartment altoge-

ther was calculated to act with cheering influence upon the spirits of the patients; the beds clean, and of white materials; the tables ornamented with fresh gathered flowers; the proportions spacious and lofty, and the windows admitting the reviving rays of a brilliant sun. In one of the beds, at the farthest extremity of the room, there lay a figure, so still and extended, that I imagined it to be a person asleep; but upon the approach of my friend, who, putting aside the curtain, asked kindly after its health, a faint voice replied, in the most placid tone, " Muito mal, Minha Senhora!" (very ill, Madam.) As she spoke I caught a full view of her countenance, which was that of a nun about thirty, or not so much, whose emaciated and sharpened features still wore the semblance of beauty, and were at that moment lighted by a smile of the most perfect resignation. One of the sisterhood now coming in, we enquired of her, what was the complaint under which it was evident that the sufferer was fast sinking, and learnt that it was a rapid consumption, which had passed through all its frightful gradations, and had at present

nearly reached its final close. "Last night," said the attendant, "our dear sister, who has never uttered a murmur during the whole period of her sufferings, broke a blood-vessel of such consequence, that the physician who was called in has pronounced it to be impossible that she can pass over the next four and twenty hours;—she so long remained in a state of exhaustion after the accident, that we thought her dead, and she is now liable to expire from one moment to another. We have therefore called in the aid of our holy religion; she has received the last sacrament, and now has nothing more to do than to depart in peace." My friend having been called out of the room, I sat down by the side of the bed, and contemplated, for the first time in my life, a death scene: it is now long since I have been enabled to shake off all idea of horror, in regard to the last awful act of our earthly existence—a horror, which is apt to infect more particularly the period of early youth; but still I was prepossessed by an opinion that such an act must be very melancholy both to witness and to endure. The state of this

poor recluse affected me extremely; I thought of her family, of her mother, who perhaps might be fondly attached to her, and ignorant that her child, surrounded by strangers, was, at that moment, breathing her last sigh. As all this rushed upon my fancy I burst into tears, for which, the next instant, I severely reproached myself, lest I should have disturbed the serenity of the dying person; but, looking again upon the nun, how was I startled, when I perceived that she had exerted the feeble remains of her failing strength in raising herself upon her pillows, while she attempted to hold out her arms to embrace me. I flew to receive this affecting testimony of Christian love; after which, she once more sunk down, exhausted by the effort, as she murmured—"Do not weep for *me*, I am not an object of compassion; happy beyond expression, I am going to my Redeemer; in a few hours I shall have reached the *end of my journey*—farewell! farewell!" This speech, which was translated into French by the attendant, seemed to fatigue her greatly; she lay motionless, but the fire of the eye beamed with

a pure and celestial joy; the sweet smile upon the countenance yet remained. At this moment several of the nuns came round her, approaching with an expression of friendly pleasure and composed satisfaction, while she looked at each, and smiled in return: indeed, the whole scene had more the air of a felicitation upon some prosperous event, than of a dying farewell. My friend now returning, and the princess being on the point of departure, I once more turned to take a last look at the object which had thus powerfully fascinated my attention; she faintly pressed my hand in hers, which, then warm with life, was so soon destined to freeze beneath the chill touch of death, giving me at the same time, a glance of tender sweetness that pierced my heart: I could not speak, but she pointed to Heaven, and I remember joining her in the action with a sort of enthusiastic impetuosity, which, had it not been for the sacred solemnity of the spectacle, might probably have been mistaken by the by-standers for affectation, or a display of sensibility, so completely had I lost sight of myself, and all worldly restraint

of feeling and manners! How I got out of the room I hardly know; but I cannot forget, that when we left the silent and tranquil precincts of the convent, and, following in the wake of royalty, emerged once more into the glare and tumult of the streets, where the "busy hum of men" returned upon my ear, and I beheld the hurried activity of their thoughtless existence, I felt as one awakened from a dream, and thought that the "journey" to which the poor nun had alluded, was less harassing to the spirits, than many which this world presents; and I almost envied her the happiness of entering a haven of peace and bliss, while we were, perhaps, destined to encounter many a wild storm of affliction and temptation, ere we followed her to the same point of rest and security.

LETTER XXXIV.

Buenos Ayres, March, 1822.

I HAVE just been calling upon the family of la C——, and found that they had already received an account of my visit to the convent of the Salesias, from one of the nuns, who is their relation. The kind sister had mentioned also, the intention of the abbadessa to lend me the life of St. Francis de Sales, and added a tender prayer for my conversion to their faith; I really felt much indebted to her for this pious wish, notwithstanding my obstinate preference of the protestant heresy. (February 9th.) I have been interrupted several times, just as I was sitting down to continue my letter, and I fear you will have thought me a very dilatory correspondent. We have now moved into our house at the Páteo das Chagas, in Lisbon, finding the hotel system extremely expensive and disagreeable, and Buenos Ayres the dullest and most inconvenient situation

possible. We are not however settled quite as we like, for there are several desagrémens connected with our present residence; amongst others, the difficulty, (I had almost said danger,) which must be encountered every time we go out in a carriage, in descending one of those horrible, steep, ill-paved declivities, which abound in most quarters of the city, some of which are more like the descent into Avernus, than any thing of which I ever remember to have heard. Another inconvenience is our close vicinity to an unfortunate ancient Marqueza, who is afflicted with hysteric fits, and during their continuance she is apt to scream in the most alarming manner. Add to this, as a climax, the army of dogs, which she maintains, who sleep in the street, beneath our windows; and as they are curs of such high degree, scorn to be out of the reigning mode of Lisbon, and accordingly join all the dogs of the town, in their habit of howling and yelling the whole night long. One of them is an animal of the most disgusting appearance, and who is dying of old age and disease; this worthy retainer is a peculiar

favourite of the Marqueza, and he is encouraged to make a more hideous noise than all the rest; just at present, his yell is more prolonged and piercing than usual; which is accounted for, by our servants, according to a superstition which is as much English as Portugueze; I allude to the circumstance of a dying person being in the neighbourhood, whose eventual fate is supposed to be foreseen by these canine augurs, and proclaimed in mournful howls, to the dismay of every body near. There is a confined arid little garden in front, in which we have permission to walk; but the glare of the sun renders it intolerable at all times, except at a late hour in the evening; and even then, there are frequently such pestiferous smells, arising from the overhanging houses, that my very heart is sick when I encounter them. And yet our situation is reckoned one of the cleanest in Lisbon, the garden is visited as a luxury, and the air particularly commended as more free and wholesome than usual; every thing is judged of by comparison, and, therefore, we must not be fastidious; but if ever I forget thee, my

dear *sweet* native land, it certainly will not be in the paradisaical sejour we at present enjoy! Our friends at home think proper to sigh after this climate, and to envy us the good fortune of a residence in Lisbon: make my compliments to all of this way of thinking, and beg they will come out by the next packet to share our felicity; if any of them remain more than a week upon trial, I am much mistaken.

The Portugueze are accused, and not without reason, of the most absurd pride of birth; but there are some amiable examples of a more liberal feeling, one of which occurred very lately; a lady who has shown us considerable and hospitable attention, asked me if I was what they call "noble;" and upon my replying that our idea of "gentle birth" did not necessarily include the possession of a title, and that although not of the class which she would term "bourgeoise," I could not pretend to call myself "noble"—she exclaimed with great vivacity, "ah! *our* idea of nobility is very wrong; in reality every one is noble who

has education, honour, and graceful manners!" Speaking of education, the total neglect which in that particular has hitherto prevailed, even among the best families in Portugal, would amaze you: according to the accounts I receive from a lady who was born and has lived here many years of her life, the way in which young persons are brought up, is wretched indeed; the women do nothing from morning till night, but look out of their windows, lolling in a listless attitude, with the head leaning on the hand, and making satirical remarks upon every one who passes by. When the approach of night renders this amusement no longer practicable, they generally sit down, in the society of their female domestics, all cross-legged, upon the matted floor, totally without occupation, while they sleepily listen to the long stories of the latter, as they knit, or work with the needle. These narrations usually consist, either of the most frivolous gossip, or of garbled tales, drawn from the Arabian Nights, which they are often so weary of repeating to their nodding mistresses, that they take the opportunity of

counting the due number of beads in their rosaries (as in religious duty-bound,) at the same moment they are reciting their soporific histories. The accounts I received relative to the strange ceremonies of the marriage festivals of the fidalgos are really such, that I must see ere I can believe! Suffice it to say, that they resemble in many respects the nuptial formalities of the Jews, and are altogether repugnant to an English imagination. Both men and women marry at a very early age; and the parties are generally indifferent or unknown to each other; the parents being the only persons who arrange these unions, which may indeed be justly termed "*mariages de convenance*." This accounts for, and perhaps in some measure excuses, the dreadful prevalence of conjugal infidelity in both sexes; our justly celebrated Bishop Watson was decidedly of opinion, that the inordinate love of luxury, which he observed to be increasing among the upper and middling classes of society in our own country, would probably end in the destruction of our national pre-eminence; as had infallibly happened in the case of other powerful

kingdoms, once the wonder and admiration of the world. The great causes of this fatal bias, he pronounced to be "the neglect of the only proper motives in forming our marriage unions—affection and esteem;" and "the encouragement which parents and guardians were accustomed to afford, to sordid, ambitious, or frivolous calculations, upon so sacred and important a connection." The state of opinion upon these points, was such as to alarm his comprehensive and upright mind; and yet, England, considered as a country, is a model of morality, when compared with many others now existent; with Portugal, for instance, if we are to believe the testimony of universal report. The bigotry which exists even among the higher classes is really startling. I have just received a note from a young Portugueze lady, full of anxiety and despondence, complaining of the misery of being obliged to go the next morning to confess to a priest with whom she was totally unacquainted, and in whom she felt no confidence. This dilemma had arisen in consequence of the sudden demise of her ancient family confessor. In the present state

of public affairs, she observed, that the task of confession was particularly irksome and dangerous, and required to be managed with extreme caution and delicacy ; yet she could persist in the absurdity of imagining it a duty to go to this man, and to entrust to his prudence and integrity, the most important secrets of her life : nothing can set the glaring folly of auricular confession in a stronger point of view. Two Italian catholic noblemen, who were present when I received this note, and whose opinion upon the subject I was anxious to obtain, were sufficiently liberal to express their astonishment at the inconsistency of the writer ; who was evidently aware of her danger, and yet unable to exert sufficient strength of mind to avoid it : she was nevertheless a woman of considerable talent, and who had eagerly caught at every opportunity of information which her acquaintance with the English afforded. In the present times there exists no necessity for such imprudence, as the constitutional form of government has provided a check to the impositions of the clergy, and a resource for the conscience of the public. It was only

three or four years since, that the elder sister of this lady, in speaking of the virtues and talents of an Englishman, who was then living in habits of the strictest friendship with her family, seriously remarked, that "let people say what they would of Protestants in general, she really was of opinion that this gentleman had a soul as well as themselves!"—What admirable candour!

Adieu.

M. B.

LETTER XXXV.

Pateo das Chagas, 10th March.

THE weather, since the middle of January last, has been dry, and, for the last month or five weeks, very warm. We sit with open windows night as well as day, and I already find it too hot to bear the sun in the house, or to walk in our horrid little garden before the hour of its setting: every body says that this is both unwholesome and unusual. Great agricultural distress exists in the provinces, and the cattle are continually dropping down with heat and disease. Public affairs appear to be more settled than at any period since the new mode of government was effected; the reception of the present Chargé, Senhor Oliviera, at the British Court, seems to have crushed the remaining hopes of the corcunda party. Great uneasiness prevails relative to the state of Brazil, who, feeling her own

strength, and the weakness of the mother country, is suspected to be upon the point of discarding her leading-strings, and of asserting her independence. I do not think that the colonies of Portugal will be likely to reap any advantages from the recent change in her internal policy, for the present ministers seem to have completely adopted the usual vices of their more courtly predecessors—a thirst for personal emolument, and a merely selfish love of sway. What such a spring of action is ultimately to produce may be easily anticipated; the probable consequences, both to themselves and to their country, will teach them the truth of that golden but obsolete rule, which is adapted to every situation and circumstance of life, "Honesty is the best policy." Think you I am going to set up for a politician?—No, believe me; but common sense goes a great way in opening the eyes upon every subject; besides, it is no longer thought becoming to affect indifference and ignorance upon topics calculated to arouse attention and awaken interest in rational minds of both sexes, merely because the observer may

chance to be a woman. This cant belongs to a former century; at present we seem to be aware that feminine modesty is not pretty imbecility, nor solid information and sound judgment synonimous with an affectation of extraordinary endowment, and an ungraceful assumption of the rights of man.

This climate disagrees with me daily more and more; and it continues to relax the strength, and to cast the hue of sickness and languor over the once blooming countenance of my poor little boy.

You know how acutely I possess the sense of smelling; it is hereditary in my case, and has often been the source of much enjoyment in the balmy land of purity and fragrance which I have left behind. Judge, therefore, of what I must suffer here; where, for three miles around Lisbon, in every direction, you cannot for a moment get clear of the disgusting effluvia that issues from every house. I seldom go out, for this reason, in the day time, and about nine o'clock at night the case becomes absolutely too bad to bear, much less to describe. I do not wish to complain, or to exaggerate; but, if

I am to give you a picture of my Lisbon existence, it ought to be a faithful one. I must speak the truth or be silent. And yet the power of habit and a stronger bodily organization will effect wonders. The residents appear very slightly sensible of this intolerable nuisance, and some of the natives actually enjoy it; boasting that "it is good for the nerves, and acts as a preventive against the plague." What the noses of the Portugueze are made of, I really am at a loss to conjecture, and so will you be, when I assure you that they dislike all perfumes, except eau de cologne; and also the scent of many of the most fragrant flowers; mignionette they particularly abhor, and also geranium. One of my damsels, the other day, was fixing a bunch of the latter in my hair, and observed, that "it was a pretty colour, but had a sad nasty smell." Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

Pateo das Chagas, April 8th, 1822.

THE weather has been cooler of late, although we have had no rain beyond a slight passing shower. The ultra party are indefatigable in their endeavour to throw the whole blame of the probable defection of the Brazils upon the new government; perhaps their imprudent management may have facilitated the denouement, but those who, unbiassed by the spirit of party, look soberly upon the eventful game now playing, must perceive that this threatened national loss is a calamity which has been gradually advancing for a length of time, and that the affairs of the colonies have only taken their natural course, in agreement with that of others who have preceded them in the great history of the world: be this as it may, the despondence is general; and many persons confess their reluctant conviction that Por-

tugal will be too weak and impoverished to hold her head long above water, without the coalition of Spain.

The late reigning queen of Portugal, who died in Brazil, six years ago, at an advanced age, and whose body had been removed from one convent to another ever since the event, was at length finally buried in the vaults of the Estrella convent at Lisbon, about a fortnight ago. We went to the house of a Portugueze friend, in order to see the funeral procession pass by, which occurred about eleven o'clock, by torch-light. All burials here are conducted during the silence and darkness of night, which circumstance greatly adds to their solemnity. The common people, as I once before told you, are generally thrown irreverently into the grave, naked; sometimes they are dressed in their usual clothes, which, however, become the ultimate perquisite of the sexton. I saw an old domestic of the Marquesa das Minas, who died in a house opposite to our own, carried forth to his last home, a short time since; the coffin, in which he was taken to the brink only of the grave,

was in the shape of a long trunk, with a coved lid, upon which was painted a white cross: a crowd of ecclesiastics, headed by a superior, bore it along the gloomy streets; several of them carried lanthorns, and tall silver crucifixes, mounted upon poles, and as they lifted the body, they broke out into a general funereal chant, indescribably dismal and monotonous. The windows of the room in which he died were all opened, and such a strong scent of burnt rosemary issued from them, that I fear I shall retain a disagreeable association of ideas in connexion with the smell of this plant as long as I live.—How extremely prone I am to ramble from my original subject.—I set out with an intention of describing to you the obsequies of a sovereign, and I start from my course to dilate upon the humble funeral of an old major domo.

Her late majesty was the mother of the present king, who, as you already know, closely resembles her in a love of relics, church feasts, papal authority, and popish miracles. The ceremonies lasted for three entire days and nights; during which period

the great guns on sea and land, and the bells of every steeple in Lisbon, thundered and pealed without intermission. It is really a great hardship for us little people that a queen cannot be interred without the chance of rendering many of her invalid subjects distracted. I am sure many sick persons must have been hurried out of the world by sheer noise, during these important three days, to attend upon her majesty in purgatory; an honour which, I dare say, they would have been too modest to covet, had the option been allowed.

On the first night the grand procession took place; setting out from a distant convent, and finally stopping at that of the Estrella, where the body was received with great state and formality, laid in the principal aisle of the church, and carefully watched until the next morning by a select number of ladies and gentlemen of the court; who remained standing, uncovered, and in dead silence around it the whole time, without once sitting down to rest their weary limbs, in the same rigid observance of *etiquette*, which they would have been expected to

practise during the life of the deceased. The procession was very imposing as a spectacle, and boasted the attendance of the king and all the royal family in their state carriages, which, however, are the most clumsy tawdry vehicles that can possibly be imagined. These opened the long cortege; and after them, came all the fidalgos, upon horseback; drest in ample cloaks of black cloth, and *coal-heaver* hats, (which the Spanish call "*sombreros,*") from which depended very long streamers of black crape: —the effect of their glittering stars and orders, peeping occasionally from beneath the mantle, and flashing in the light of the torches, was very brilliant and chivalrous: each fidalgo was attended by two of his own domestics on foot, one on each side of his horse, bearing the torches. Then followed an army of bishops, monsignors, priests, and monks, the whole "Church Militant," and immediately afterwards came the different regiments in the service, horse and foot, each with its separate band of music playing, at due intervals, the most wild and pathetic funeral lament in the shape of a dead march.

I thought this by far the most interesting and agreeable part of the ceremony. The hearse, (or rather hearses, for there were two, in compliance with royal etiquette, one containing the body, and the other vacant, in case of accident,) were very shabby and paltry conveyances; they reminded me of our bakers' carts, covered with black drapery.

The next day, the church of the Estrella overflowed with spectators, and the corpse was exposed, in full court dress, while the nobility came successively to *kiss the hand*; a ceremony which could by no means be dispensed with. A grand mass was then celebrated; the requiem composed for the occasion by Bomtempo, in which the best singers of the opera performed. This was, doubtless, very fine, for it was allowed to be very difficult; the king, however, said with much simplicity, that "he could not exactly make out what it meant;" and so thought every body else—but so much the better, it showed the vast genius of the composer, being "*caviare to the multitude*," and we all know that "obscurity is one great source of the sublime."

I again heard Bomtempo, a few evenings since, play several of his lighter pieces upon the piano-forte, without any alteration of my original opinion of his talent. Science and execution he possesses in perfection; but these qualities belong to the animal machine; the soul has no share in them:—and this is the reason, I suspect, that so few people really like to listen to some fine players in fashionable society—the art is mistaken by nine persons out of ten—they want to dazzle and surprize, and think that they have done every thing, in effecting this object.

"Oh friend! to dazzle, let the vain design—
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine."

Thus, I believe, says Pope—our great English *infallible*—worth all the other Popes put together, though it must be owned, that he was no dealer in "*indulgences;*"—but I have not yet done with the queen; the third day concluded the ceremonies; her majesty was at length safely and bonâ fide interred, and all the world returned to the quiet enjoyment of their usual indolent existence. But one remarkable circumstance remains

yet to be told; the ceremony of her funeral toilette. Two of the young princesses were appointed by the king to the high honour of presiding, and four ladies in waiting performed the enviable office of tirewomen to the corpse. It had been brought over from Brazil, enclosed in three coffins, the inner one of lead, where it was laid, surrounded by aromatic herbs, gums, and essences, without having been regularly embalmed, a process which is only adopted towards males of the royal house. As her majesty had been dead for the last six years, the horrible effluvia that now issued from the coffin when opened, was such as to overpower all the persons present, notwithstanding that she had died in the "odour of sanctity." One of the princesses fainted twice, and was too ill to re-appear; but her sister was obliged to remain, while the ladies raised the body and completely re-clothed it, in a black robe, a dress cap, gloves, shoes and stockings, and adorned it with four splendid orders upon the breast.

The body itself was not only entire, but the limbs were flexible; the face only, had

changed to a dreadful black colour. Thank heaven I am not a Portugueze courtier!

We went last week to Cintra for three days, and found the valley almost as beautiful as ever, notwithstanding the absence of summer foliage, as there are many evergreens among the woods, and the orange trees were in full blossom. The delicious perfume of the latter, after the detestable smells of Lisbon, was reviving beyond all idea, and the Judas tree with its soft pink blossoms, somewhat resembling those of the almond, added much to the gaiety of the landscape. We have not yet been able to fix upon a house, but propose making another journey for this purpose very soon.

The ceremonies of Lent and the Holy Week, although much of the same nature as those in all catholic countries, have been carried here to an extreme of impious and absurd farce, which, without *seeing*, it is difficult to credit. The processions on every Friday have been very numerous. Among the penitents, was a lady who followed a wooden image of our Saviour, without even the resource of a veil or hood, walking bare-

footed through all the filth of the streets, exposed to the comments of the assembled populace. This penance appears doubly severe, when it is recollected that the paving of the streets is of the very worst description, and the city built upon an everlasting succession of steep hills, to say nothing of the peculiar nature of the dirt collected therein. The other day was enacted the hanging of Judas, and the sacrifice of Abraham, in the open streets. The part of Isaac was performed by a half-naked boy, and Abraham held a long knife in his hand, which he pretended to strike into his back every moment for at least a hundred times running: but another boy, dressed in dirty tinselled rags, and soiled feathers, with painted wings upon his shoulders, who was meant to be an angel, walked behind the two, holding a red ribbon, one end of which was tied round the murderous weapon; and as often as Abraham set upon poor Isaac, so often did the angel pull back his arm with a dexterous jerk, by which means all mischief was prevented. The king washed the feet of twelve beggars on Holy Thursday. This office used to be

performed by the patriarch, but as that personage is now suppressed, the duty devolves upon his majesty. With the exception of the lady to whom I have just alluded, the exhibition of penitents this year was quite insignificant. A very few years ago, an old Fidalgo of *immense consequence*, and who had been guilty of all sorts of enormities, wiped off every sin at once, and afforded a pious triumph to the priesthood, by crawling through the city upon his hands and knees, underneath a cart which conveyed an image of the virgin: when the cart stopped, or he was tired, he reposed himself upon his haunches, sitting always in the attitude of a dog. I saw a procession in honour of a particular saint, not long since, in which there passed by, above a dozen images of the virgin, some of which were as large as life; the most conspicuous of these was adorned with very fine jewels, and her hoop petticoat and long waisted stomacher were powdered with diamonds. The young ladies, at whose window I had been invited to take a seat for the occasion, had that morning been permitted the high honour of dressing this

image in all her finery, and they seemed to attach great importance to the privilege. To me, the most revolting part of the spectacle were, the base and ludicrous representations of our Saviour; imagine a set of clumsy wooden dolls, of about a foot and a half in height, with hideous physiognomies, plastered with white and red paint, and the heads lost in coarse flaxen wigs, highly frizzled. Let those protestants, who are *liberal* enough to be perfectly indifferent as to all these matters, enjoy their philosophical superiority of temper;—as to myself, I confess that I am weak-minded and irritable enough to feel at once ashamed and indignant, whenever I think of the sacred form of the Creator and Redeemer, as thus represented and profaned. Adieu.

M. B.

LETTER XXXVII.

Pateo das Chagas, April 24th.

THE merchants and townsmen of Lisbon have lately concerted one of the best and most rational measures possible, to which they have obtained the sanction of the king. The institution of a society for the protection and reward of National Industry, in every branch. To assist in facilitating so desirable an object, it has been a question, whether the whole community of the Gallegos should not be sent home to Spain, in order to afford more ample scope for the employment of the lower orders of Portugueze? The final result is not yet known; but, in the mean time, it has caused a great ferment in Lisbon, and two unfortunate Gallegos were assassinated a few nights ago, victims to the jealousy of the natives.

How cheerless is the feeling which I for ever experience! that "I am living (with a

few exceptions) in the midst of persons whom I cannot trust, and whom I am forced to despise." However, I ought not to forget that every thing must have a beginning; the regeneration (such as it is) of Portugal is now in its infancy, and time must be allowed for any visible improvement in national character or conduct.

Condessa d' Anadia has lately given two representations of a very pretty opera, at her own house, called " Amor Conjugal," the music by Mayer, and the performers consisting exclusively of her three daughters, and their female domestics. Nothing could be better arranged; the little theatre, scenery, dresses, lighting, all were complete. The male characters were surprizingly well sustained by the ladies, who were so effectually disguised, that it was impossible to recognize their sex. The Condessinha, (i. e. young, or rather *little* countess, literally translated,) acted two parts—a country girl, and a Polish prince. In the first, she appeared to the highest advantage in the costume of a Hungarian peasant; the depth of shade which the fur bonnet cast over her handsome

marked brows and dark Spanish eyes, gave her a picturesque effect that was very striking. What an astonishing alteration does an animated expression of countenance make in the same set of features! I could scarcely believe as I gazed upon the delightful smile, and intelligent sparkling eye of the Condessinha, this evening, that she was the quiet unimpassioned personage which I had been so long accustomed to see in real life. The company was numerous, and consisted of the élite of Lisbon, of all parties—Corcunda Dukes were jostled together by Constitutional Generalissimos, and the laughing daughter of the untitled *liberal* smiled freely, unabashed by the scowl of the *ultra* marqueza. The whole suite of apartments, both above and below, were thrown open, and the house brilliantly illuminated; gay groups were beheld from the street, through the wide opened latticed blinds, parading the splendid rooms, covered with jewels flashing in the light, and others adorned with snowy plumes waving gracefully above the heads of the noble crowd. But the best performer yet remains to be described: the youngest

daughter of the Condeça, Donna Nina, upon whom the arduous distinction of prima donna was conferred. She is extremely young, has not a regularly beautiful face, nor a perfect voice; and yet these natural deficiencies vanished completely before the magic power of genius. Her grace and feeling were only equalled by her unaffected modesty. The second sister, Donna Pepina, whom I formerly depicted to you as a blooming creature of seventeen, with a profusion of fair hair, and a complexion of lilies and roses, *quite a l'Anglaise*, acted the part of a rough Hungarian boor, father to Nina, and performed most naturally, strange as it may seem. You may remember my saying that the hair of Nina was the most luxuriant I ever saw; in the course of the piece she uncoiled its superb length, and I assure you, it electrified the audience; being done suddenly, and in the most graceful manner, reminding one of Altisidora in Don Quixote, whose ringlets were said to

"Brush the ground."

The Condessinha's favourite maid, Ines, deserves not to be forgotten; she can neither

read nor write her own language, and understands not a word of the Italian; and yet she played the part of a tyrant prince, and sang her recitative, aria, and quartetto, in perfect tune and time, assisted only by her naturally good voice, and strong memory. I assure you that she is not at all spoiled by having been admitted to the dramatis personæ of her superiors, and is a remarkably well-behaved, ingenious young woman, and an excellent servant. I admired the superior gracefulness of manner, peculiar to the Condeça in receiving her guests; equally removed from ceremonious stiffness on the one hand, and from a cold or careless indifference on the other, it was a most engaging union of frankness and courtesy—our women of ton in England have nothing to equal it, generally speaking; and I must say, that I consider this talent to spring equally from the head and the heart.

The state of the country becomes daily more and more alarming: the army have shown increased symptoms of dissatisfaction, and the Cortes (that is the majority) are meanly influenced and intimidated by the two profligate upstarts, Carvalho and Pinheiro,

who have been allowed to place themselves at the head of the New Government. The king is a cypher, while the corcundas and the priesthood are secretly promoting discord, in hopes of recovering their late abominable privileges; but they are all equally bad in their way, all parties I mean; the arrogance (and, in some instances, the actual imbecility of judgment,) which these two reformers have displayed, are almost beyond belief. They have, among other *liberal* acts, just suspended the Portugueze *habeas corpus* upon no just or definite pretence: and they scruple not to evade the constitutional regulations, in every way, whenever they have a private end to answer, or a personal pique to gratify. The mask of patriotism has proved too painful to be worn any longer; it is now nearly discarded, and people begin to perceive, that the revolution, which has been vaunted for its avoidance of every *tragic* feature, is likely to turn out a mere *farce*. Carvalho and Pinheiro have heaped the grossest insults upon some of the foreign ministers in Lisbon; among these, the Prussian and Sardinian have fared the worst, and they have,

in consequence, resigned their functions, finding it impossible to submit to the impertinence of the *animals* in power; I prefer this appellation, both as it is the most appropriate that occurs to me, and, also, as it is a term of peculiar contempt among all Portugueze.

The Gallegos yet remain; for, in fact, the inhabitants of Lisbon are perfectly aware that if they were to be sent home, (as well as the other resident foreigners,) business of every sort would be at a complete stand. Several of the merchants have tried (both formerly and at present,) the difference between the Gallegos and the Portugueze porters. Mr. S. (one of the richest and most respectable mercantile characters in the country) has lately given some of the latter the preference, in order, once and for all, to place the matter in its true light; he employed them to convey several boxes to his warehouse from a distance; they grew tired of the burthen before they had carried it half way, set it down, amused themselves as they thought proper in the interval, and, finally, broke much of the contents. A

German merchant made a similar experiment, relative to some casks of oil; they behaved exactly in the same manner, overturned the casks in the middle of the streets, and wasted a great quantity. In a word, the Portugueze (I ought to say those of Lisbon and its environs, for in the northern provinces the mental and physical character is said to be far different,) have neither activity, fidelity, nor personal strength enough to enable them to supersede this fine race of industrious Spaniards, which, nevertheless, they affect to despise. Even in labour which requires more ingenuity than bodily power, they are equally behind hand; the vegetables which adorn the Lisbon markets are all raised by natives of Genoa, and the best cooks are Spanish and Italian: thus, were an enchanter to wave his wand over Lisbon, and to palsy the right arm of every useful foreigner among the working classes, the native inhabitants would all at once find themselves deprived of most of the necessaries of life.

Our friend, Baron O., only remains here until he has received his recall from his own

court; and the Counts A. and M. are just gone.

If I stay here much longer, I believe I shall lose every valuable faculty of mind and body, and sink into one of the very characters I have been so unmercifully condemning; nay, if Pythagoras's rule is true, my soul may actually slip through their fingers here, and find its next habitation in the body of a *sloth*, for I assure you *that* is the creature I at present most resemble.

Adieu.

M. B.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Lisbon, June 6th.

THE queen continues to live in the utmost retirement; secluded in the recesses of the palace, she seldom receives visitors, and never goes into public. Her dress, I am told, is the extreme of shabby dirty dishabille; consisting of an old soiled coloured gown of the commonest printed cotton, a cap with as little pretension to cleanliness as the hair it covers, and a man's black beaver hat; altogether no bad representation of one of Macbeth's witches; but the most remarkable part of her costume is a pair of enormous pockets, which descend from the waist, nearly to the middle of her leg, and are always stuffed with religious relics of various sorts.

Yesterday, being unusually cool, we took boat, accompanied by two friends, and sailed down the Tagus to the villa of Baron Porto Covo, which is built upon the banks of this

fine river, near the town of Passe d' Arcos, and so close to the shore, that the waves frequently break against the lower windows with great force; accordingly, all these are furnished with dead lights. Not a tree is to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood, and the small garden is artificially produced from the bosom of a barren rock. The house is not large, but it is very expensively furnished, and cost the uncle of the Baron (the original proprietor) fifteen thousand pounds. Here we procured from the housekeeper some beautiful Oriental china, splendid cut glass, and other superb et cetera of the table, in which we deposited the contents of our humble basket of cold provisions. I had brought my guitar, and we contrived to beguile the time agreeably enough, until the cool of the evening, when we returned as we came, by water, enjoying the purple and crimson beauties of a southern sun-set, and afterwards, the glory of an unclouded moon, which threw a lengthened line of radiance upon the waves, that I should call *golden* rather than silver, so brilliant was its effect. And now, shall I own the want of sublimity

in my taste? in the midst of this fine spectacle, I could not help thinking how infinitely I preferred the humbler charms of the Thames, gliding between its flowery banks, where the nightingale's note resounds through the waving woods, and mingles with the soft ripple of the gentle current. I believe it is the peculiar bent of my mind, to prefer the beautiful to the sublime, the soothing to the brilliant, in almost every instance; and the same feeling influences even my anticipations of a future world. As we returned home from the house of this wealthy man, the conversation turned upon the often debated question, "whether great wealth, or an easy competence, was best calculated to confer happiness upon the possessor?" Our diplomatic friend, whose youth and peculiar career naturally prompted the feeling of ambition, was decided in his preference of unbounded riches; and the usual plea for such preference did not fail to be adduced: —"that a man, thus endowed by fortune, would have superior opportunity of happiness himself, from the unlimited exercise of benevolence towards others." Will you ac-

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cuse me of misanthropy, if I confess that my experience of human nature led me to the most opposite conclusion? but, indeed, I have seldom known an instance where the habitual possession of immense wealth did not harden and contract the heart; and I have repeatedly had occasion to remark, that the most distinguished actions of generosity and benevolence have been performed by persons whose means of aiding their fellow-creatures have been very inadequate; as to the question of mere selfish enjoyment, I am convinced that where nothing is left to desire, half the relish of life is destroyed; repletion is nearly as fatal as inanition.

We are in very indifferent spirits at present, in consequence of the death of Mr. Wm. W. with whom my husband formed a sincere friendship during the winter. This young man resided for several months in the same hotel with ourselves, and his amiable disposition, ingenuous natural manners, and melancholy state of health, altogether combined to awaken our most anxious interest and solicitude. Labouring under a pulmonary complaint, he was sent to Lisbon . . . . but

I fear too late; and yet, why should I suppose this? perhaps no human skill or foresight could have saved him from a premature grave. Fond of social enjoyments, and eager to witness the different scenes which Lisbon presents to the curiosity of a stranger, he accompanied us to many a party, and made one in many an excursion, while we flattered ourselves that the fallacious bloom, which sometimes overspread his complexion, was the symptom of improving health. He quitted us at length, in order to pay a visit to a friend at Madeira, with the additional hope, that change of air, and a sea voyage, might assist in his recovery; alas! his disorder increased so rapidly, that shortly after he had reached his friend, the springs of life gave way, and he breathed his last in his arms!

How melancholy appears every circle in which we have been so long accustomed to his ingenuous countenance, beaming with sensations of curiosity or interest, respondent to our own! last night at an assembly, I was quite overcome; his image seemed to haunt me, and in every group which passed, me-

thought I saw the pale smile, the fair and luxuriant hair, and the feeble bending figure of our youthful friend. My husband (who feels as if he had lost a younger brother) gladly acceded to my wish of returning early from the incongruous scene; and I afterwards found some relief in endeavouring to express what I had felt, in the following lines.

Ah! why in the moment thus given to joy,
In the hour thus devoted to mirth,
Should we feel, more than ever, the bitter alloy,
Which tempers all pleasure on earth?

And why, when the harp, and the dance, and the song,
Resound in the bright sparkling hall,
Do we turn from the smile of the gay festive throng,
To check the full tear, ere it fall?

'Tis a fond lingering thought, which thus poisons our rest,
Of one, on a far distant shore;
Now silent and cold, stretched on earth's chilly breast,
He sleeps—to awaken no more.

In scenes like to these, we so lately have met,
That methinks I yet look for him here,
And the kind gentle voice, which I cannot forget,
Still breaks, faint and sad, on my ear!

In the morning of life, while the world was yet new,
(Ah! why the sad tale must I tell?)
Dear youth! all ingenuous, guileless, and true,
Early crush'd, ... like a flower he fell!

Far away from the mother, who blest his first cry,
Who watch'd o'er his childhood in love,
'Twas bitter, 'mid strangers, all lonely to die,
—— But he still had a Parent above!

To that Parent of all, our young friend we resign,
He can heal the deep wounds of the heart!
We shall yet meet again—in a country divine,
Wherein sorrow and death have no part!

LETTER XXXIX.

Lisbon, June 8th, 1822.

YESTERDAY was the festival of Corpus Christi, here called Corpo Santo, and considered to be the most magnificent in Portugal. Saint George (represented by a stuffed figure on horseback) was the hero of the day; his attire was extremely superb, and the helmet, in particular, was richly studded with the finest diamonds.

The people uncovered their heads, and saluted him with the utmost veneration as he passed through the streets from the church of the Roscio to his own castle of St. George. He receives an annual salary from the latter place, in quality of a general officer; nor is he the only *man of straw*, I fear, upon whom pensions have been bestowed. The jewels, whose value is immense, are generally lent for the occasion by the Dukes of Cadoval and Alafoes, who rank here next to the princes of the blood, and

THE BADGES OF DIFFERENT ORDERS.

Drawn by M.Hamble.

are, I believe, in the succession to the throne. In former times the character of the saint used to be performed by a living subject, hired for the purpose; but this custom was abolished, in consequence of the knavery of a Frenchman, who represented this great personage one year, and concluded by stealing the helmet. The Roscio was filled with gay groups of admiring spectators, in carriages, or on horseback, and the windows of every house were hung with crimson draperies, and crowded by ladies in full dress, resplendent with jewels, and gracefully waving their courtly plumes; even the wives and daughters of the lower classes of tradesmen were decked in gold, diamonds, and pearls: the military were all in attendance, and the knights of the order of Christ, as well as the whole body of the clergy, walked in procession, dressed in their distinctive and splendid paraphernalia, forming altogether a most imposing spectacle. Some orders of monks walked with their eyes fixed upon the ground, it being contrary to their rules to look upwards.

In the evening I accompanied a friend to

a fête at the convent of the canonesses of the Incarnation, near Campo St. Anna. We were all in full dress, and I perceived that the canonesses themselves were allowed to wear jewels. The sister of Countess A. is one of this order, and in her apartments we drank tea, in the ancient social fashion of England, the fair canoness presiding at the tea table, attended by her two female domestics in the costume of the convent. She gave us a variety of excellent cakes, made by herself, (all the religiosas possessing this useful talent,) and did the honours of her cell with much grace and politeness; after tea, we entered the choir of the church, where several of the lady canonesses were at devotion, in sweeping garments of fine white wool, which, worn over the usual black robes of their order, and flowing in ample drapery around them, gave a dignified effect to the figure. Here we knelt in silence and humility, upon the cold marble pavement, for a few moments, in company with a croud of the most distinguished families in Lisbon, whom we there found assembled, many of

whom had brought their young children with them, some not more than two or three years of age. The high altar was splendidly illuminated, the rest of the church being left in perfect obscurity. Notwithstanding the difference of my religion, I could not forbear thinking, that the bright altar thus visible from afar, and partially revealed through the screen which divided it from the kneeling assembly, was a striking and noble type of that heavenly sanctuary, to which the eye of faith is constantly directed, in the midst of the gloom and darkness of a fallen world.

The canonesses of this convent are about sixteen in number, and all of them women of rank and fortune; they are not bound by strict vows, and may occasionally visit their families in Lisbon. Each has a suite of apartments upon a small scale, wholly distinct from the other, and some are gay with flowers, and ornamented with considerable taste. They wear colours, (excepting red and yellow,) and discard the sombre robe and close lawn cap, when absent from the convent; but within its walls, they are of

course restricted to the habit of their order. Here, as well as at the convent of the Visitandines, I was much impressed by the amiable character of the Countess A. She had evidently inspired every member of the community with a sentiment of the tenderest regard. All shared in her benevolent and affectionate attentions, even to the servants and pensioners upon charity, who crowded around the gates. In crossing one of the quadrangles, we met a woman, bending under the accumulated burthen of years, poverty and infirmity, whose wretched capote had fallen from her shoulders, in the hurry of saluting the countess; the latter took it from the ground, and gently replacing it upon her humble friend, kindly embraced her, and passed on, followed by many an audible benediction. The whole action was the work of a moment, and was done with the utmost simplicity, as an ordinary tribute of attention to the claims of helpless age; if this be the custom of the Romish church, it is a good one, prompted by right feeling, and so truly christian, that we could hardly err in its adoption.

I know not what has come o'er my spirits of late; restless and dissatisfied with every thing foreign, I can think and muse and dream of England alone. I was affected the other day, upon finding a knot of violets in the gardens of a palace here, and gave vent to my foolish regrets, in the following lines.

UPON SEEING THE VIOLET IN THE GARDEN OF A PALACE IN PORTUGAL.

Sweet tenant of the hedgerow wild,
Whose virgin sigh perfumes the air,
Methinks thy beauty, pure and mild,
Is lost amid yon gay parterre.

Oh! while thy fragrance I inhale,
Far other scenes before me rise;
Scenes loved and lost, in vision pale
They float before my humid eyes.

E'en now, by memory raised, I view
The dewy mead, the shaded dell,
Where erst, when life was fresh and new,
My careless childhood loved to dwell.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,
Where milder suns in summer smile,
Exists the land so dear to me,
Beloved England's verdant isle.

There first I knew thee, lowly flower,
In copse remote, so wildly sweet;
Nor dreamt in proud and foreign bower,
Thy modest form I e'er should greet.

Yon rose, the garden's brilliant queen,
The orange, clad in vest of gold,
Carnation, rich in painted sheen,
And gaudy tulip, gay and bold;

Not one for thee a friend or mate,
Meek daughter of the lowly dale!
O leave them to their lordly state,
And think thee of thy parent vale.

When next thy modest charms I view
Be it each early friend beside,
The primrose pure, the harebell blue,
And cowslip, still the fairies pride.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,
Where milder suns in summer smile,
There may I meet thee, wild and free,
Once more within our native isle.

This is all very absurd you will say; and I acknowledge my weakness; which, however, may be as much physical as mental; this climate being so enervating, that it forms at once the cause and excuse of such morbid feelings. Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Lisbon, June 10th, 1822.

WITHIN the last few days, a conspiracy has been discovered by the government. Its stated object was to overturn the ministry, and to massacre the king and certain members of the Cortes. A friend, in whose veracity we can confidently repose, has seen a copy of the document, which falling into proper hands, was the means of revealing the existence of the plot. It is suspected, that the ministry have made the utmost of this pretext for future severity, and that their statement of the case is overcharged and exaggerated. A strong proof of the justice of this opinion is evinced, in the circumstance of only four persons (two of whom are servants) having been arrested. One man of rank alone is implicated; and it is rumoured that he will be hung, rather than beheaded, as a mark of the greatest indignity. At the execution of the rash

victims to patriotic feeling, four years since, the nerves of our poor friend * * * * endured a most horrible shock. Unfortunately, her house was sufficiently near the scene of death to be filled with the suffocating smoke arising from the pile on which the sufferers were burnt. No words can express what she suffered, upon finding herself thus enveloped by a vapour, horribly tainted by the scent of human carnage; escape was impossible; the effluvia spread through every part of the house, and she remained sick, in body and mind, for many days afterwards. The barbarous custom of mangling the persons of those who suffer for high treason still exists in Portugal, as well as some others, which are equally repugnant to reason and humanity; but enough of these horrors! That the new constitution does not exactly act up to the principles of a free government, I think you will allow, when I tell you a circumstance that has lately occurred. One of the richest subjects in the country has been desirous of visiting England, travelling for amusement and improvement; as a very great favour, he has been

permitted leave of absence, for a term not exceeding sixty days!

In proof of the gross superstition of the lower classes, I will relate a circumstance that has just occurred, and which occasions an excitement and an interest in Lisbon, which are almost incredible. At the distance of a few miles from hence is a certain field, in which a peasant boy was chasing a rabbit; the animal crept into an aperture in the side of a bank, closely followed by a dog; the boy surprised to find that the latter did not return, determined to ascertain what had happened to prevent it, and, accordingly, groped his way into the bank, through the same narrow entrance; what was his astonishment, upon finding himself in a sort of cave, or hermitage, at the upper end of which he beheld an image of the virgin! The discovery was soon made public, and the miracles affirmed to be worked by this image go on daily increasing; all ranks of persons are hastening to the spot, and it is asserted, among other popular tales, that when the boy first entered the cave, he found both the rabbit and dog upon

their knees, in devout adoration of the image. A few days after the opening of the shrine, this treasure unaccountably disappeared, and an active search immediately commenced, which was happily terminated in the following manner.

A peasant was ploughing in the neighbouring fields, when suddenly the oxen stood still; nor would the sharpest application of the goad induce them to move; the peasant, after vainly puzzling himself to account for their obstinacy, chanced to cast his eyes upon a tree overhead, whereon hung the identical image, for whose recovery all hearts were anxious. No sooner had he beheld the phenomenon, than the animals began to turn round and around the tree, in mystic dance, and completed the ceremony by falling upon their knees, like the rabbit and the dog! Notwithstanding this innate propensity to the marvellous, there exists a spirit of contempt and dislike towards the monks and friars among the people in general. We were in a boat, not long since, upon the river, and were passed

by another in which were two or three priests, and as they proceeded, the shores echoed with sarcastic abuse from almost every boatman present.

LETTER XLI.

Lisbon, July 7th 1822.

A MELANCHOLY circumstance has just occurred; a soldier has been shot for having attempted to stab his commander. It is impossible to excuse the act, being so flagrant a breach of military duty; but this is the only instance of sanguinary punishment that has been known for a length of time; and the case of the individual was indeed a hard one, as he had been extremely ill-used by the officer in question. Contrary to the former wishes and regulations of Lord Beresford, the soldiery are now beaten, kicked, and struck in the face, by their superiors, upon every trifling occasion, and this, together with other reasons, has induced great dissatisfaction among the army; nay, it is a fact, that only two nights ago, a revolution of the troops was upon the point of being effected at the castle; General Sepulveda was near falling a victim to their violence,

but his firmness saved the government for the time being. It is no less true, that the soldiery have retained their former cockades of the royal colours, and now wear them constantly concealed about their persons, in order to be ready for open display, upon any change or emergency; nor is it to be doubted, but that at this present moment they would unanimously join in the restoration of the king to absolute dominion, were he bold enough to afford the smallest encouragement. The conduct of the priest who attended the criminal in his last hours deserves to be recorded, from its humanity and consideration; as soon as the bandage had been placed over the eyes of the unfortunate man, he gave him absolution, and afterwards proposed that he should join him in prayer, previous to his making the fatal signal for his comrades to fire; thus, engaging the mind of the soldier in a consolatory exercise, he made a private sign, long before the conclusion; the man fell dead, instantly, and without a groan, happily spared the dreadful task of working up his courage to the effort of giving his own signal

for execution. How different was the feeling displayed by the officers of the regiments present! they marched the troops to the melancholy spot, (the prisoner included,) with their bands playing the gayest quadrille tunes, and airs from the opera ballets.—Adieu.

LETTER XLII.

Lisbon, July 9th, 1822.

THE late attempt to overthrow the present government, in which the soldiery have borne so conspicuous a share, appears to have been abetted in a very high quarter; the ministry, instead of maintaining an undaunted attitude in defending their authority, have evinced symptoms of terror, which cannot ultimately fail to induce a second revolt, upon the first convenient opportunity. The reason adduced by the latter, as the cause of discontent, was the disappointment of the men in not being sent to the different provinces, at this time, which at the beginning of the constitutional system had been solemnly promised them by its leaders.—Will it be credited, when I tell you, that the latter, after having irritated the troops by breach of faith in the first instance, have now weakly yielded to all their demands, as if in reward of their disobedience? There is a strong report that several of the nobles attached to the interests of the king have

been suddenly recalled from their respective banishments. (July 10th.)—I had written thus far yesterday; since when, I have experienced so vivid an alarm, that I can scarcely yet convince myself that no essential harm has occurred. This morning, at ten minutes before seven, we were roused from sleep by —an earthquake! Its duration did not exceed seven seconds, or we are assured that Lisbon might have experienced a repetition of the horrors of the great convulsion of nature in 1755. Several houses are said to be destroyed, but I shall wait for authentic details before I say more upon the subject. I think we must have been spared the first burst, from the circumstance of having been asleep when it came on; but we heard enough to fill us with sensations at once awful and terrific. The house, beds, and all the furniture, violently shook and trembled, while the doors clapped, and the windows rattled incessantly, accompanied by a noise resembling subterranean thunder, which continued the whole time. I have since learnt that the actual damage occasioned by the earthquake is inconsiderable; but several houses in the Roscio Square

show its effects very palpably, being rent in front; some of the edge stones, and the weathercock in the convent of the Coracão do Jesus, were thrown down; while at the convent of St. Francisco da Cidade the friars were beheld sallying *out* of the churches instead of betaking themselves, as was the case in former days, to the shelter of their walls; this evinces the great change that has taken place even in the religious opinions of the people, since the memorable shock of 1755, to which I have already alluded; at that period both the clergy and the laity flocked to the churches for imaginary protection, and fell victims to their mistaken ideas of security. The house of a friend here, which was built about two years since, upon the modern plan for resisting earthquakes, rocked in the most frightful manner, and the wax candles remaining in the chandeliers in the drawing-rooms were loosened from their sockets, and thrown violently upon the floor.* This is considered

* One of the Reviews which did me the favor of noticing the first edition of this work, appeared to doubt, from *theoretical* reasons, the possibility of this circumstance; but they have only to make inquiries of those persons who have *lived* in countries subject to these visitations, to be persuaded of the fact.

to have been the most severe shock that has been known for the last six years, when a similar one was felt, which, strange to say, was less violent, but more dangerous of its kind than the present. The rationale of this opinion is as follows; I give it as it was told to me, though I am myself too ignorant of these phenomena to vouch for its correctness. The present earthquake was of that description which causes houses to rock from side to side, and which, however alarming in appearance, is comparatively harmless. The former was of a sort, which, from shaking the earth in a different manner, induces a trembling rather than a swinging motion, and renders the ground liable to open suddenly in gulphs beneath the feet. Altogether the occurrence is horrible, and the sensations it brings on, both physical and mental, are such, that I sincerely hope we may not again witness another. My next letter will I believe tell you, that we have quitted Lisbon for a country residence upon the banks of the Tagus, to the enjoyment of which I look forward with feelings of delightful impatience. Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

Pateo da Saldanha, July 19th, 1822.

Four days ago, we removed to our present abode at the Pateo da Saldanha, on the shores of the Tagus, immediately adjoining the Saldanha palace, which Lord Beresford used to inhabit. His lordship has politely accorded us the privilege of occupying this residence, and it is indeed a most beautiful and agreeable retreat. How long we may continue here, I know not, as the original possessor of the palace (from whom the king took it, to bestow upon Lord Beresford, in consequence of the former having forfeited his rights by joining the French, against his own country, during the Peninsular war) is now in a manner pardoned, and his family have put in a claim for the restoration of this property.

The whole of our quinta is indeed completely foreign, exclusive of some few accommodations in the domestic offices, which are

engrafted upon the usual arrangements, and are peculiarly English. Our apartments upon the ground-floor, which are en suite, open with glass doors, immediately upon a terrace, raised above the pleasure-ground, to which we descend by steps at the farther extremity.

From hence we command a fine view of the opposite coast, which, from being covered with vineyards and corn, wears, during the spring months, a delightful resemblance of verdure. The white walls of the Lazaretto (built in so elegant a form that it has the effect of a castle of romance) start abruptly from their ledge of rocky cliffs overhanging the noble river, and constitute one of the most beautiful objects that it is possible to conceive. The Tagus is visible even as far as the bar, from whence it pours its silver flood into the bosom of the main ocean; innumerable vessels are for ever passing and repassing before us; some humble barks laden with the agricultural riches of the provinces, on their way to the Lisbon mart, and other more stately vessels bearing away

troops to their different destinations. The king's yacht, superbly gilt, is not unfrequently to be seen, when his majesty makes an excursion to his favourite summer palace of Salvaterra, on the opposite side of the water; nor are the light fishing boats to be passed over without remark; their sails are cut in the most picturesque shape, and the effect of the lighted lanthorns in each, sparkling like small stars amid the darkness of night, is really beautiful, dispersed in every direction upon the river, even as far down as the distant bar; they remind me of the poet's "fairy bark with the fire-fly lamp," which has so often delighted my fancy in the colder clime of an English home. From our terrace, the walls of which are ornamented by geraniums and China roses, embedded in artificial earth, and intermingled with a profusion of creeping plants, whose crimson blossoms glow like fire in the light of a southern sun, we descend to the quinta beneath, consisting of a space of several acres, surrounded by tall and thick hedges of lavender and rosemary, and

planted with young fig, mulberry, and other trees, amid which

"The tall palmetto lifts it's graceful shade."

The space thus bordered by the fragrant and beautiful shrubs I have mentioned, is allotted to the culture of milho, or Indian corn, while lower down, vegetables are raised in profusion, and the ground is irrigated by various little channels, supplied from the numerous tanks and wells with which the place has been furnished by the provident care of Lord Beresford. At the bottom of the whole, is a young plantation of orange and standard peach trees, breathing rich odours, and giving promise of fruit equally delicious. One of the wells is a picturesque object; being enclosed within low circular walls, and overgrown by the broad leaves and golden globes of the climbing gourd; a large wheel, which brings up the water to the surface, in innumerable clay vessels fastened to its spokes, is turned by an ox, who blindfold pursues his weary task, soothed, or it may be stupified, by the melancholy and monotonous sound which

the machine produces as it turns. I should have spared you such minutiæ, were it not that these wells form a peculiar feature in every Portugueze quinta, and are of very ancient origin; they are called Noras. It is delightful to walk here after the sun is set, enjoying the breeze from the river, and inhaling the fragrance of the shrubs and blossoms, while the vesper hymn to the Virgin rises upon the ear, chaunted by the deep voices of the soldiery in an adjacent barrack. There is yet another outlet from the terrace, through which we are admitted, into an old-fashioned flower-garden, with a fountain in the centre, belonging to the palace itself, to which our house forms an appendage, and is only divided from it by a wall. This large pile of building, though it cannot boast much beauty or regularity of architecture, is yet remarkable from the number and size of its apartments, one of which was formerly appropriated to balls and masquerades, and is called la Sala das Colonas (the hall of columns). It is of vast height and proportions, and very beautifully

painted in fresco.* The only drawbacks to the enjoyment of this charming residence are the countless swarms of mosquitos, sand, and common flies which infest it; the former are the necessary consequence of the adjacent ponds and tanks, and the latter really amount to an Egyptian plague; it is remarkable that, in this country, the flies more particularly attack those persons who are unwell; and the natives when they see them persecuting a sick man, more or less, form superstitious prognostics as to the result of his disorder. Adieu.

* A portrait of the king, and a canopy of state, ornament one of the apartments; almost all the principal houses boast a similar style of decoration; the canopy is erected, in case the sovereign should ever chance to honour the mansion with a visit. The portraits of the king and queen are sometimes displayed in the royal box at the opera house, when the living personages are not present.

LETTER XLIV.

July 23, 1822.

Every creature in Lisbon and its environs is hastening to pay due adoration at the shrine of the newly discovered virgin, who is about four inches long, and being found, as I before mentioned, in a cave near this place, is consequently denominated "Nossa Senhora da Barracca," (our lady of the cave). Here, every evening, a friar descants upon the miracles said to have been performed by her; and a small book, descriptive of them, has been published by *authority*. The image is already covered with costly ornaments, among which are, a crown set with brilliants, and numerous gold chains; the gifts of those votaries who are able to afford such demonstration of their faith. An aged fidalga, and somewhat fanciful withal, living in this neighbourhood, and who has been bed-ridden for

years past, has caused herself to be carried to the cave, and has in consequence, (as she declares,) recovered the use of her limbs; the circumstance being well authenticated, affords additional proof of the extraordinary power of the imagination in nervous and hypochondriac complaints. The Queen goes in grand state this evening, and makes an offering of a silver lamp. The field resembles an immense fair, and restaurateurs regularly attend in their booths, to provide for the refreshment of the company. Last night, there were no less than thirty carriages upon the ground; and it is common to see more than a thousand of the peasantry and townspeople upon their knees, at one time, surrounding the mouth of the cave. The friars have thought proper to declare, that a balsamic fragrance flows constantly from the image; and though there is always a strong smell of garlic and oil in the grotto, it is the fashion, upon entering, to exclaim, "What a delicious odour!" I ought to tell you, that the Senhora is not very easy of access, as the entrance of her cave is so narrow, that persons are under the necessity of

of squeezing themselves in, creeping upon the hands and knees, and the heat of the interior is so insupportable, that several women have fainted. All our household have of course been to pay their devotions here; and you will easily conceive that we make it a principle to comply with every request from them, that has a religious motive for its pretext. I should be sorry to increase the ill opinion of the English heretics, with which the priesthood so unceasingly labour to inspire the lower classes. That our servants take advantage of this species of indulgence, will be easily anticipated; indeed, I find it difficult to get any work done, for my handmaids are always either gone or going to mass, and it appears to me as if the innumerable Saints had monopolized every day in the year; yet, looking on these things as a lover of the picturesque, it is really a pretty sight when these women (having finished their religious toilettes) set forth to pay their coquettish devoirs each at the shrine of her favourite idol. Their dark complexions and brilliant eyes appear to great advantage, slightly veiled

by the clear muslin lenço (handkerchief,) white as snow, which, together with the ample and graceful cloth capote, forms the national costume. Nor do either of them totally conceal the long tresses, curiously braided and wound round the head with classic simplicity, (relieved by the elegant ornament of natural flowers,) or the smart jacket and petticoat, decked with coloured glass or silver buttons; while the neat foot, with its fastidious satin slipper, and delicately white stocking, trips gaily along, with a light and springing step, wholly novel to an English eye. This morning, the loud and pompous sound of a trumpet called us to the windows, where we saw a gallant troop of bull fighters riding past, drest in the most fanciful and gay costume, borrowed, I should think, from the fashions of ancient Spain. This diversion is of a more cruel, because more cowardly nature, in Portugal, than in the sister country; the bulls being weak, half-grown animals, and their horns always carefully sheathed. I could not be tempted to accompany my husband to these exhibitions; but he occasionally attends

them, and they are frequented by females as well as males of all ranks. Don Miguel, the second son of the King, often combats bulls in person, and is said to be a proficient in the sport; it is by no means unaccompanied by danger, and requires great dexterity, strength, and resolution.

July 29th.

Since I wrote the above, one of the principal leaders of the constitution has made an attempt to open the eyes of the multitude to the delusion of Nossa Senhora da Barraca, and the Astro newspaper has written against it, but in vain; the leader in question, notwithstanding his high official situation, actually received a box on the ear from the vigorous arm of one of the fish-wives, who took offence at his having uttered some expressions of contempt when he beheld the crowd kneeling before the door of the cave. An unfortunate wag has also found reason to repent the indulgence of his sarcastic humour; a few days since, he tied an artificial hump upon his shoulders, and going into the miraculous grotto, pre-

tended to come out again "a straight and proper man;" the circumstance was loudly celebrated, but upon his imprudently showing the trick he had played, he was nearly torn to pieces by the populace, and concluded by finding himself safely lodged in the public prison. "Our Lady," in the mean time, has been removed from the barraca, and conveyed in solemn procession to one of the churches in Lisbon, where she is henceforth to take up her residence. She went by water, and was received upon the quay by a magnificent procession of priests, and a guard of honour. The concourse of people was immense. The government have attempted to appropriate to their own use the treasures lavished by the devout upon this image, and it only furnishes an additional proof of their rash and incompetent judgment; true policy would never hazard a *sudden* overthrow of those superstitions which have been cherished as the realities of religion by the great mass of the people for so many ages past, and to which they are still so blindly prone. Nothing but the gradual influence of a more

rational system of education, and the general diffusion of knowledge, can effectually reclaim the minds of men from such fooleries; and as there are no *Alexanders* at present in Portugal, it is indeed a dangerous enterprize to attempt to *cut* that knot, which the hand of time alone can safely and advantageously unravel. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

Pateo da Saldanha,
August, 1822.

THIS morning, at day-break, we were alarmed by another shock of an earthquake, which was accompanied by the usual horrible subterranean noise, and which shook the room and bed very forcibly. Upon getting up, we discovered that the original cracks in the walls and ceiling of our apartments, which were the consequence of the more serious shock about a month since, were now very considerably enlarged. How terrible it is to live in perpetual subjection to these alarming visitations! This is the fourth we have experienced in point of number, and the second in importance. The sensation which I, in common with many other persons, suffer, after every shock of the kind, and the extraordinary oppression for some hours previous to the recurrence of each, must be experienced to be conceived; it is purely phy-

sical, although perhaps, liable to be aggravated by mental uneasiness. A friend was with us last night, who related that all his household had been unwell and out of spirits during the day, which they attributed to the heat of the weather; doubtless it was the latent earthquake which induced such sensations. The Italians, I am told, can almost always prognosticate the approach of these visitations, from the peculiar effect it produces on their finely strung nerves. We observed, during this last shock, (which was of very short duration,) that our poultry made a great noise, and the little birds in the garden flew about, chirping loudly, in terror and disorder. One of my servants, an old Portugueze woman, shows me the most considerate attention at these times; indeed I ought in justice to remark, that the servants in this country, however indolent and dirty in their habits, are, when kindly treated, far more apt to be attached, than those in England; they are more grateful in their feelings, and humble in their manners towards their employers, and although they require to be *told* their business upon

all occasions, they seldom refuse to do what you desire. Marianna, the person in question, is a good specimen of her countrywomen in this respect, and we have reason to be satisfied with the good will and obedience of all the rest. My English maid forms a disgraceful contrast; her airs of sulky importance, and her singular want of feeling, make my life quite uncomfortable. I have been assured that the Portugueze servants are deceitful, but when I see ours anxious to express their regard, and when the females among them shed tears over my pillow of occasional sickness, I find it painful to believe in the reality of the charge. The lower classes are invariably fond of children, and it is quite an extraordinary circumstance when any instance to the contrary takes place. They quite spoil my boy amongst them, and it was only a few days ago, that upon his being missed from the house, I at last discovered him, seated upon the lap of a peasant, by the side of a tank where she had been washing linen, partaking of by no means the smallest share of her hard-earned meal. At another time I found him listening

to stories related by an old soldier from the tower of Belem, as he lay contentedly in his arms, nestling his little head in the bosom of the veteran. Our major domo (an elderly Spaniard of inflexible gravity) is as much bewitched by infantine influence as any of them; his great delight is to walk out with the child in the cool of the evening, and to be permitted to take him as a companion when he goes to mass at any of the adjacent convents. There, he has often been seen, kneeling behind a pillar in the chapel, with his arm round the little one, who with a countenance of innocent solemnity, observed and imitated every devotional movement.

The king's boatmen here are a sort of privileged buffoons, and are allowed to sport their river wit even at the expense of majesty; no offence is ever taken let them be as saucy as they please, and I am assured that the king really enjoys the expression of their blunt truths and uncouth jests. They are always many in number and superbly habited; nor is the barge they row at all unworthy its royal occupant, being magnificently carved and gilt, and of a form singu-

larly light and elegant. This class of men affords the finest specimen of personal strength and beauty in the neighbourhood of Lisbon; but I believe I have already mentioned the superiority of the fishermen, boatmen and their families.

A considerable share of low humour is sometimes possessed by the postilions also; a set of the strangest mannered and most uncouth looking beings that you can well imagine; their obstinacy is proverbial, and I conclude that they imbibe it from the example and society of their mules. One of these men was lately hired by an English lady of my acquaintance to convey her to the Protestant chapel; she desired him at first starting to make the best of his way, as the hour of divine service was upon the point of striking: old Josê, however, had a pace of his own, to which he had been accustomed for the last fifty years, and which certainly resembled that of the tortoise rather than that of the hare; no entreaties could induce him to alter it in any degree; in vain the lady called, persuaded, and threatened. At last she exclaimed, "What! is there

nothing that will prevail upon you to make haste?"—upon which he coolly pulled up his mules, turned round in the saddle, and replied, "I never made haste when I was young; I am now seventy years of age, and that is not a time of life to begin!"—He then resumed his former jog-trot, and the lady was obliged to order him to drive home, as all hope of reaching the chapel in proper time was wholly at an end.

Another brother of the whip also played a droll trick upon one of our countrymen not long since. He had been hired by the valet of the gentleman in question, without knowing who it was that he was ordered to drive: when he drew up to the door, he dismounted, and took his stand at the foot of the stairs to await the coming of his employer. The latter happened to be a large fat man; and the postilion no sooner caught a glimpse of his portly figure, than he slipped to the head of his mules, and tied a handkerkchief over their eyes. "What are you about there?" said our Falstaff:—"Hush!" replied the wag, "if my beasts once get a sight of you, I should never be able to persuade

them to let you mount quietly!" Indeed, the easy familiarity of these gentry is unique, and is displayed without scruple, even towards the highest grandees. Speaking of the latter, I ought to mention, that the nobility of Portugal are not particularly numerous, and are divided in the same manner as in England. There are only two dukes, and from that rank downwards, including the counts, they are, I believe, considered *grandees*. Some of the viscounts and barons, however, from their military rank or other causes, possess the latter distinction, which is not confined wholly to titular nobility. The *fidalgueia* are another species of noblesse, and claim it from their being personally employed about the king. There are also two classes of these: the title of Don is not universal, as I believe it is in Spain, but is generally held by the younger sons of the higher ranks of nobility, and likewise by those persons who trace their descent from ancient Spanish families. Titles are not in all cases hereditary: the king is expected, however, to confer the title of the father upon the son, during the lifetime of

the former. The Portugueze of all ranks are particularly tenacious of the titles by which they are addressed, and are not offended, in common converse, at being designated by a higher title than that to which they have proper right. "Vosce Merçe," for instance, is applied from merchants, downwards. "Signoria" is still more honourable, and "Excellençia" generally includes the grandees and fidalgos; but a well-bred Portugueze will so word his conversation, that he will adhere to the rules of perfect etiquette, without committing himself by either elevating or detracting from the dignity of the person to whom he is speaking. They are certainly a courteous people, and the urbanity shown by all ranks one to another, would be no bad lesson to our honest though less polite countrymen. They are very charitable, and when their means are not large, make no scruple of receiving change from the beggar who asks their alms, should they have no copper coin sufficiently small for their intended donation; if they are too poor to afford to give any thing, their denial is tempered with a kind-

ness of manner that is in itself a virtue. This is real charity! I have myself seen respectably dressed persons salute, hat in hand, the tattered mendicant, as they have passed in the street. The priests also, many of whom are of very poor orders, draw largely upon the purses of the lower classes. The Saints expect to be well paid for their celestial intercession, and are seldom disappointed. One of the latter imaginary personages, whose name I have forgotten, has a rich shrine supplied by the offerings of his very numerous petitioners. I must beg leave to call him Saint Killorcure, for this is really what he is required to do. Whenever a sick peasant languishes for any length of time, without a visible change in his condition, either for better or worse, his friends go in solemn procession to the shrine of St. Killorcure, and pray that he would be pleased to put an end to their trouble, either by restoring the patient to health, or by taking him off their hands, to the other world. I knew a woman, whose child had long been ill; riding past her door one evening, she recognized me, ran out, and

laying her hand upon the bridle, exclaimed with what I thought to be rather an indecorous expression of satisfaction, "Ah, Senhora! the baby is dead at last! I went only last night to the Saint, and sure enough he took it to himself this morning!" Another curious superstition deserves mention, and you are to believe, if you please, (for I assure you it is the truth,) that it extends, in some instances, even to the higher classes of society. Upon the summit of one of the steep hills with which Lisbon abounds, is a large black stone, upon which it is customary for mothers near the time of their confinement, to go and sit for some time—a ceremony which, it is said, never fails to procure the most happy result when their hour of peril arrives. Do not imagine, from what I have just said relative to St. Killorcure, that the Portugueze are careless or brutal nurses of the sick; on the contrary, I have, as far as my own experience reaches, repeatedly had reason to admire their extraordinary compassion and ready skill upon these occasions. The women are acquainted with a thousand little alleviа-

tions, which sometimes even amount to remedies, in common cases of pain or indisposition; and their knowledge of the healing properties of various herbs and plants is more universal than it is with us; the use of outward applications is far more general in Portugal than in England, and their simple recipes are almost all drawn from the vegetable rather than the mineral kingdom. I must acknowledge, that the simplicity of the prescriptions in common use among the old wives of the people, has a peculiar charm for my fancy, and I am not sure that I would not rather trust my life to these, aided by the tender nursing of the Portugueze peasantry, than to the more learned nostrums of the faculty.

I forget whether I have yet told you, that they use torches here in going through the city at night; the streets being so badly lighted, except in those places where a large lamp is kept constantly burning before the shrines of various images of the virgin, it is highly requisite to avail yourself of the protecting light of one of these implements, which is borne close behind you either by a

servant, or a gallego; assassins being scared (like other beasts of prey) by the appearance of the friendly blaze. Footmen also carry torches, as they stand behind the carriages of their employers.

Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

Pateo da Saldanha, Nov. 2d.

My husband has been your correspondent for some time past, but I now resume the thread of my narrative, being permitted to use my pen and my eyes once more. I think myself very rich in the possession of my little daughter, whose arrival in this strange world casts an air of redoubled cheerfulness over the solitude of my retreat. To make my joy still greater, we have received the kindest letters from that venerated and amiable friend, whose paternal solicitude has ever hovered around us, whether absent or present, in which he gives me the delightful hope of being able to effect my wishes relative to a return to my native country—that sweet early home, which I never can cease to regard with feelings of

unabated preference! I confess that I deprecate the idea of passing a third summer in this burning climate, which at that season is too fiercely bright, too gorgeous in unclouded beauty, to please a northern fancy! I long, but vainly, for the refreshing variety of a rainy day, nor can I bear the indolence and inaction both of mind and body, to which I am condemned. Latterly, I have even found the charms of our quinta unable to fill the void in my imagination, which continued seclusion from literary or social pleasures has induced. During my late indisposition however, I have been constantly cheered by the visits of our incomparable friend, the Countess A——. I feel that in leaving her, I shall sever a tie which has formed the charm of my existence for many a tedious month past.

The manners of the Portugueze are, in many respects, so different from our own, that were I to relate *all* I know of the former, it might cause the hair of many a pattern of strict English propriety to stand on end! It is usual for ladies to see company, male as well as female, and of all ranks,

while they are confined by illness to their beds. Upon receiving the intelligence of the confinement of a friend here, Mr. Baillie and I hastened to offer her our congratulations, on the third day after the event.—We found her, as is the fashion upon these occasions, supported by snowy pillows, richly fringed with lace, and surrounded by a numerous assemblage of visitors, many of whom were in full dress, and decorated with diamonds. Nor was this the first day of the ceremony, which commences from the moment that the patient is sufficiently recovered to bear the fatigue of being dressed for company. I myself received very early felicitations from my Portugueze friends, who invariably arrived in the gayest and most elegant attire. One young donna assured me that she had reserved a set of amethysts purposely to wear in honour of my new-born. On the second or third day, the male domestics of the family are permitted to cross the threshold of the bedroom, and to offer their humble congratulations, often in a set speech, carefully conned for the purpose, yet prompted, I really be-

lieve, by very sincere feelings of interest and good will. They are a kind-hearted people, and I shall never forget the vows to the virgin, which were audibly breathed in my behalf; nor the earnest simplicity of my nurse, "the Senhora Maria de Felicidade Perpetua," (Mrs. Maria of Eternal Felicity,) in invoking a leaden image of Saint Simon to restore me to health; nor the various auguries of an affectionate superstition, which were drawn from every action of my little daughter. They are full of anxiety that she should not be seen by any but well dressed and agreeable looking persons, for fear of the malignant influence of "the evil eye." They believe firmly in witchcraft, and there is an old woman accused of this practice, who lives (as they were assured by a priest) not very far from this house, of whom they are particularly afraid; and I am convinced, that if the nurse were to meet her in any of her walks, she would hurry away with the infant with the speed of the wind!

The marriage of a fidalgo of high rank took place here not long ago, which on account of the extravagant expenses it in-

duced, has caused a sensation even among the Portugueze, who are accustomed to such follies. The family of the bride are not rich, but they presented her with a superb dressing-table, trimmed with French lace, which cost more than a hundred moidores; the curtains of the bed were decorated in the same manner, and I believe the lace was eight moidores (at least ten pounds sterling) a yard. The number of domestics retained in the service of the nobility, from generation to generation, is quite incredible; a fidalgo in this vicinity supports no less than eighty in-door servants: in consequence of which he is constantly poor and embarrassed. My friend has at this time four servants sick in bed, two of whom are so old that they have not been able to perform the smallest service for the last six years—five of her retainers are married, and each of them have a child or children every year, all of whom live under the roof, and at the sole expense of the mistress of the house, from the moment of their birth, until they either settle in the world, (by some fortunate chance which does not often occur,) or die

in the service of the family: she has altogether forty-five domestics, eight of whom are femmes de chambres, in her Lisbon home; without mentioning those who remain upon the establishment at her principal country residence. They are each fed, like soldiers, by rations, and sleep either upon the floor, or on straw mattresses hard as iron. The females are crowded together in sets, distinct from the quarter allotted to the men; nothing indeed, can be more unceremonious than the sleeping accommodations for servants of both sexes, even in the families of the richest persons; and when I compare them with the superior comforts enjoyed by English servants in general, the insolent discontent which the latter are too apt to exhibit, appears doubly ungrateful and absurd. To ascend from the lowest to the highest, I must tell you of the courageous pertinacity of the Queen: she has ventured to maintain a grand struggle with the government, in refusing to sign the Constitution. She is allowed some days for reflection, after which, it has been intimated to her, that should she persist in her deter-

mination, she will be sent out of the kingdom, and be deprived of her regal dignity, holding only the rank of an Infanta of Spain, to which she is by birth entitled. Her health having been declared by a council of sixteen physicians, incapable of sustaining the fatigue of travelling, she is, for the present, banished from Lisbon to her own palace of Ramallao, near Cintra, where she is guarded as a state prisoner. The two young princesses, her daughters, who have hitherto shared her maternal attentions, in distinction from their sisters, who were under the more immediate care of the King, are not allowed to bear her company in this solitude, but have been consigned to the society of his Majesty, who appears somewhat embarrassed by the additional charge. Last night, we were at the Foreign Assembly; the ball was a full one, but most of the fidalgueia (nobility) refused to make their appearance on account of the present condition of the queen.

Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

Pateo de Saldanha, January 29th.

We were lately present at a splendid fête, given at the Portugueze Assembly Rooms, to the king and all the royal family, with the exception of the queen, who still remains at the palace of the Ramallao. The young princesses, I am told, were so anxious to obtain permission of the king to accompany him to this ball, that they have been invoking all their saints to render him propitious to their wish. It cannot reasonably excite much surprise that such eager curiosity should thus prevail over every other consideration, when it is recollected that the princesses are extremely young, and that two of them have never before been allowed to partake of any diversion whatever; in compliance with the manners of the ancient regime, which were modelled after the severest forms of court etiquette, dullness and

dignity have hitherto presided in inseparable union over the movements of the royal children of Portugal; at present, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" I am afraid you will be ready to pronounce, like Molière's Esculapius, " that the heart is no longer in the right place"—for after all, the state of the queen is one of so much peril and mortification, that you would naturally expect greater demonstration of filial sensibility.—The royal party did not leave the scene of festivity until four o'clock in the morning, and then returned to the palace at great speed; it is astonishing that they do not meet with some fatal accident, in driving at such a pace through the steep and dangerous streets of this seven hilled city; but it appears as if royal personages in most countries were uniformly addicted to this hazardous custom; a sober native, of our acquaintance, was startled from sleep, by the rapid whirl of their carriage wheels, and crossed himself in dismay, ere he turned once more to slumber. We went yesterday to the Opera, in which the Prima Donna (who might rather be called, from her tender

age, "Prima Vera") appeared to great advantage and sang delightfully. Her name is Adelaide Varesi. The ballet, "Les Templiers," I thought particularly beautiful; it breathed the true spirit of poetry, and the first female dancer displayed infinite grace and pathos; which species of talent appears to me to be worth all the pirouettes and entrechats in the world! Altogether, San Carlos has considerably gained in the recent change of its company of both singers and dancers. Rossini's "Barbiere de Seviglia" has lately been played, and it is impossible not to admire it; yet, the general merits of its composer appear to me to have been very greatly over-rated. Compare him with Mozart, and see how much he loses by the comparison! To have attempted this opera after that of his incomparable predecessor, is, in my opinion, as futile an experiment, as that of Dryden, when he chose to write another "Tempest" than Shakspeare's.

LETTER XLVIII.

Pateo da Saldanha, Feb. 2d.

For the last six weeks, the periodical rains have descended upon us, in torrents, in floods, in a deluge of water! The winds, also, have raged with alarming violence, occasioning infinite damage both by sea and land. The effect this sort of weather produces upon my spirits is not the most exhilarating; but it is hardly worse than the suffering which the piercing cold, that preceded it, induced. I shall never forget a dinner party, at which we were present, during the continuance of the latter. The guests (more especially the females) sat around the really superb banquet, shuddering, and deprived of appetite; wrapped in shawls and furs, and with lips and cheeks of a frozen purple hue. Nor did any of us revive, until we had drank repeated dishes of very hot coffee, at the conclusion of the repast. The house was among the most

elegant and expensive in Lisbon; yet, strange to tell, no accommodation for warmth had been thought of; a fire was quite out of the question, as the natives have a prejudice against it, saying that "it is the most unwholesome of all luxuries." At Oporto, I am told, this absurd opinion has been abandoned, and the people now emulate the English residents, in the blazing comforts of their domestic hearths. The only resource I can command during this chilly season, is gained by the relinquishment of every sitting-room but one, which I call more particularly my own, and which is not larger than a light closet. Here I have but one window, whose yawning crevices are carefully stopt with matting, and here, I contrive to counteract the dampness of the atmosphere, by causing dried rosemary and lavender to be burnt in a small earthen vessel, holding a few embers of charcoal, several times in the day; while at night, my substitute for the heart-cheering fire of my native England, is a large French lamp which *looks* at least like warmth, and with which I am fain to be contented. The

eternal wailing of the wintry wind is here less perceptible, and I am indeed rejoiced when I can forget it altogether; for the monotonous melancholy of its sound is prodigiously aggravated by the additional noise it makes in blowing through the numerous cows' horns, which are fastened to the sails of every wind-mill, in order to intimidate the cattle from approaching them in the night, and I ought to tell you, that we are surrounded by these machines in every direction.

LETTER XLIX.

Pateo de Saldanha, March 11th.

It is only within the last two days, that we have experienced anything like fine or healthful weather; and we have all been very unwell with severe and repeated colds. The confusion of public affairs seems rapidly advancing to its crisis. The ministry and the newly elected Cortes (the latter in every way inferior to that of last year) are actually committing a political *felo-de-se*. Their Turkish despotism, their want of faith towards the nation, oppressive exactions from the upper classes, and degrading timidity towards the army, have disgusted the general mind. What will be the ultimate result of the universal discontent, I sometimes dread to conjecture; but at all events, I have great faith in the peaceable nature of the people of Lisbon, averse from sanguinary contest, and having already effected one

great political change, without the horrors, usually attendant upon revolutions.

My husband lately went to see the celebrated patriarchal church, with which he was so well pleased, that I regret the circumstances which prevented me from being of the party. The ornaments are of the most costly description, and among them are jewels of the first water and magnitude. I think Lisbon cannot be said to abound in objects of general interest; the best works of art that it possesses, are the mosaic tablatures in the chapel of St. Roche, and these indeed claim the most distinguished mention, being reckoned among the finest in the world. There is a museum of natural history near this place, at Ajuda, and also a botanical garden; neither of them superior of their kind. I cannot praise the few gardens in the environs, as they are all laid out in the formal Dutch style; the best of them is the garden of the convent of the Necessidades. But what delights my English fancy more than any thing, is the king's park in this vicinity, called the Tapada; it is full of olive and other trees mixed with a low brush-

wood, and the inequalities of ground are almost picturesque. Here his majesty occasionally shoots rabbits, and the young ladies of the court partake of the sport. Lord Beresford, during his sejour in Portugal, had the privilege of pasturage for cows here, by which means the phenomenon of fresh butter was by no means so rare as at present. How often have I wished to refresh my eyes, by a walk or ride, amidst its green retreats! but in vain; nobody is now allowed to enter.

I am always charmed with a fountain; its sound alone is reviving during the ardours of the summer season; and there are many in Lisbon and its environs, where the most picturesque groups of figures may be seen, drawing water for their several purposes of convenience. Sometimes a crowd of gallego water-carriers filling their casks at the source, while from the tank below, the rough and martial-looking muleteer refreshes his string of thirsty animals, their trappings fancifully ornamented with fringes of coloured worsted and small melodious bells. Here too, the lavadeiras (or washerwomen) ply their fa-

tiguing task; twenty or thirty of these women may be seen either surrounding a tank, or kneeling upon large stones in the narrow channel of a scanty brook, beating the linen with a relentless fury, totally insensible to the injuries they inflict upon its texture. My favourite fountain, to which I often direct my morning or evening ride,* is situated at some miles distance from Lisbon, and in the vicinity of a convent; it is overhung by weeping willows, and encircled by stone benches, whereon I generally find one or two of the monks seated, in the calm enjoyment of listless reverie, soothed by the murmuring of the gentle water, and the distant laving of the ocean waves. Adieu.

* My horse is the most beautiful little animal you can imagine; of a deep black colour, with a mane and tail like *meteors*, and a form of the most faultless proportions: he is a native, and originally belonged to the queen. According to the custom of the country, the mane and tail of a horse are here always suffered to reach their full length, and *our* cruel and tasteless fashion of curtailment is never practised.

LETTER L.

Pateo da Saldanha,
April 27th 1823.

We have lately visited the convent of Odivelos, situated in the village of the same name, about two leagues distant from Lisbon, through the road to Campo Grande, where the annual fair is held, which I have formerly mentioned; this is one of Lisbon's finest environs, for after the first few miles, a valley (comparatively shaded) offers its welcome retreat, and is at this time of the year particularly verdant;—the eye reposes upon green hedge rows, and the ear is delighted by the joyous warbling of a thousand birds. Several very pretty quintas enliven the road; one of which, together with a large palace, belongs to the Marquis of Valençia, a noble of the first rank, and who is, I believe, in the succession to the throne. We have occasionally met him in society, where I have been much pleased by his musical ta-

Drawn by M.Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE NUNS.

lent. These quintas appeared to be very carefully cultivated, and nothing could be more *riant*, than the effect of the latticed bowers erected for the vines; among which the China rose peeped forth, blushing like a delicate beauty in her earliest prime. The summit of every wall we passed was crowned with brilliant coloured creeping plants of innumerable variety, and the scent of the orange groves within was exquisitely delightful. Certainly spring is the only season in which this part of Portugal appears to advantage. We met a litter, (the first we had ever seen,) borne sideways between two mules, and attended by horsemen on each side, as if returning from a journey to the provinces. It contained two ladies, and I should imagine it a most agreeable conveyance, either in fine or wet weather, as it appears to be guarded against both sun and shower. As it is very uncommon to meet such an equipage so near Lisbon, where the roads, though indifferent, are yet good enough to admit of wheel carriages, we concluded that the elder lady was an invalid,

too weak to encounter a rougher mode of travelling.

When we reached Odivelos, we were shown the church, which is a handsome structure, and which contains the tombs of two royal personages. The order of nuns is that of St. Bernard; a *mild* one, as they are permitted to converse with male acquaintances at the grate; the habit is rather becoming, as all the hair is discovered, slightly shaded by a strip of black silk, in the form of a veil; the robe is black, relieved with a handkerchief of white muslin, that covers the bosom somewhat in the neat and precise style of our quakers; and over all is a flowing mantle of fine white wool. Children under six years of age are allowed to visit the interior of the convent, where the sisterhood are delighted to kill them with kindness, in the shape of sweetmeats and cakes, which they make and also sell, and some of which we purchased of an austere and ancient portress, who received our money and dispensed her stores by means of a moveable sort of cupboard, defended by an

iron grating common to all nunneries, and called, I believe, a "turning box." With the exception of their dried plums, I cannot admire any of the performances of the religious confectioners in Portugal, the flavour of the different fruits being completely lost in the predominance of the sugar used to preserve them; and this is universally the case, both in this country and in Brazil. Having made our purchases, we attended mass, which was performed by one of six priests who are appointed to do the duty, and heard the nuns, with the abbadessa at their head, chaunt the service in the choir, divided from the body of the church by an iron screen. There were no remarkably fine voices among them, but several very pretty and engaging physiognomies. The abbadessa, accompanied by a younger nun, advanced with much courtesy to the grate, where we remained in conversation with her for some time, and they kissed my little boy, as he stood on tiptoe, peeping through the bars, with a face of innocent curiosity. There are, at this time, five and twenty members, many of whom are ladies of good

family, and it enjoys a most respectable reputation. This was not formerly the case, as, during the reign of Don João V., the sisterhood (then three hundred in number) were by no means remarkable for their strictness or their purity. Dumourier relates, that these ladies were accustomed to throw aside their professional habits, and were among the most attractive favourites of his majesty and the nobility.—The romantic "Letters from a Portugueze Nun" are supposed to have been dated from this convent. Adieu.

LETTER LI.

Pateo da Saldanha,
1 June, 1823.

ALL that I anticipated in one of my recent letters has actually taken place; we have experienced a complete change of government—it can hardly be for the worse! On the 27th ult. the young prince, Don Miguel, privately left the palace of Bemposta, at three o'clock in the morning, and joining a troop of the 4th Cavalry, took the route of Sacavem. It is well known that he had long felt the greatest disgust for the ministers and the faction around his father, and he has dared every thing to free himself from their trammels. About thirteen field officers, whose political sentiments were suspected of being at variance with the measures of the constitutional government, having been dismissed a few days before, the opportunity afforded by their discontent was judged too favourable to be allowed to escape. The

23d Regiment, which had received orders to march towards the frontiers on the same day, suddenly halted between Sacavem and Olivàes, and declared their resolution to proceed no further without the presence of their accustomed commander, who was one of the officers dismissed, as I have just said, and who shortly afterwards joined them, accompanied by the Infante and the troop of the 4th Cavalry, when they proceeded on towards Villa Franca.

The king, upon being made acquainted with the evasion of the prince, immediately sent information of the circumstance* to the Cortes. In the meanwhile, General Sepulveda, commander-in-chief of the forces in Lisbon, had received a letter from Colonel Sampayo, now commanding the revolted troops, informing him of their resolution no longer to submit to the controul of ministers so unworthy their situation, and stating his

* It is *whispered*, and I believe *truly*, that the king *in his heart* felt more confidence in the Constitutionalists than in his own family, and was any thing but *pleased* when the evasion of Don Miguel was first made known to him.

desire and expectation of a complete change of men and measures. In placing this letter before the Cortes, Sepulveda undertook to answer for the safety and tranquillity of the city, provided that an entire and immediate change of ministry took place. To describe the state of confusion reigning in the city would be impossible; it was in tumults from end to end! The national guard having been called out, assembled under arms in the Praça do Commercio and the Roscio: but enthusiasm, or even interest for the constitution appeared at a very low ebb, and the tide of popular opinion seemed to be rapidly turning in an opposite direction, while the bivouacking system, to which the volunteers were obliged to submit, rather damped the ardour of their military zeal. The Marquis of Bellas was dispatched by the king in pursuit of the prince, but failed in his mission; nor is it probable that he wished to succeed. The prince declared he would return in the course of a fortnight, and completely change the order of things. His companion and adviser is General Pampelona* an officer

* Afterwards created Count Subserra.

highly unpopular with the army, and of a most unworthy character altogether. He fought with Junôt against his country, and was hanged in effigy as a traitor. Can Portugal ever receive, with consistency, so degraded a son?—can her native prince with honour present him to her acceptance?—he is a man advanced in years, and has been employed by the Constitutionalists as war minister: his countenance is singularly ignoble and repelling, and he is famous for the arts of baser intrigue, and for a devotion to French interests. The king is said to have shown every sympton of genuine grief and vexation at the conduct of his son; the faction around him having taken advantage of his peculiar feelings to persuade this confiding sovereign, that a large party existed, whose object was to effect his abdication in favour of Don Miguel, at the head of which was the queen. There *may* be some foundation for the suggestion; but the king is now become so popular with the fickle multitude, that any open attempt would be at once dangerous and futile. I cannot persuade myself to believe (notwithstanding his

imperious temper) that the Infante himself had the least idea of injuring his father; great allowance ought to be made for the defective education he has received, and for the corrupting influence of a servile court: and it must be acknowledged that both the royal brothers, Don Pedro as well as himself, have shown a personal energy and an intrepidity of spirit which reflect some credit upon them, and which they must have inherited from their mother, as nothing can be more painfully timid than the character of the king. The French party are gaining ground *a vue d'œil*, and the court is invested by crowds of base fidalgos, who fought against their country under Junôt, but are now pardoned and received into the royal favour: these creep, and flatter, and hang about their falsely indulgent sovereign, clamorous for posts and pensions, which, if granted, would quickly exhaust a treasury already insufficient to answer the claims of justice and humanity.

On the 29th, his majesty and the whole court assisted at the solemn church procession of the Corpo de Deos; the night passed

in perfect tranquillity, but it was discovered that all the police cavalry had left Lisbon to join the prince, whose reception in the country is said to be enthusiastic. He was on the road to Santarem, with a much increased military force, a large posse of fidalgos, and other gentlemen; it is said, that he has been abundantly supplied with money, and has issued a proclamation, which, however, has not yet reached Lisbon; report also affirms that he has no intention of changing the new Constitutional code, (which is in some respects excellent,) but that he desires to have two chambers, much modification, and the veto to his father. All this sounds well, but it were unwise to indulge prematurely in sanguine anticipation, for does he not retain Pampelona as his Mentor? Nothing can be more unfortunate, or of worse augury to the cause of rational liberty. Surely it will be impossible that the Conde d'Amarante can consent to serve with such a man, and great confusion must naturally ensue, unless the spirit of chivalrous honour has wholly abandoned the country. The ministry, so hastily nominated, are of a more

respectable stamp, than their predecessors; but it is very improbable that they will long retain their situations. The king has no confidential friend, and his intentions can therefore only be guessed at; he is at once an object of blame and compassion.

On the night of the 30th, General Sepulveda was attacked in the Praça do Commercio, by a tumultuous assemblage of persons, who, surrounding him on all sides, declared their suspicions of his fidelity to the Constitution, and insisted upon his either swearing to be true to the cause, or prepare to receive instantaneous death from their hands. Waving his plumed hat in the air, he at length obtained a moment's hearing, and took the oath required. An hour afterwards,* goaded by a thousand conflicting sensations, he threw himself on his horse, and escaped to join the prince, who received him with such petrifying coldness, that his soldiery fell upon him without waiting for an order, and maltreated him in the most brutal manner. His life was saved with

* *Consistency*, it must be confessed, is not the *leading* feature of the Portugueze character!

difficulty by the exertions of an officer, but he remains so ill, that he is scarcely expected to survive. This day the king has been declared *Rey Absoluto* by the unanimous voice of the army, and this morning he set forth in person to bring back the prince his son: the queen meanwhile has been invited to quit her forced retreat at the Ramallaõ, and the *liberal* party are leaving Lisbon as fast as possible, fearing the eventual result. The soldiery attempted to liberate the convicts and other wretches confined in the prisons of Lisbon; they furnished them with arms, which they eagerly received through the bars of the windows, and, availing themselves of the kindness of such *worthy* coadjutors, had nearly effected their escape, when the vigilance of the national guard interfered, and, after a great struggle, succeeded in preventing their design. I cannot but consider this as a providential intervention, and deeply feel that while our more natural guardians, the police cavalry, abandoned the city and their duties, these despised citizens evinced a courage and resolution worthy of our sincerest gratitude. If

my memory does not deceive me, the national guard have uniformly conducted themselves well, upon occasions of real moment, in most countries; and I should hate myself if I could ever again join in that senseless ridicule with which the supercilious and thoughtless continue to regard this respectable and estimable class.

The last evening, being sultry in the extreme, there was an unremitting succession of sheet lightning playing over the city during the whole night; it seemed to accord with the tumultuous state of inquietude then shared by every heart. I sat at my window, watching the coruscations for a length of time, my own feelings (as may well be imagined) far from tranquil, as my husband was in the midst of the scene of action, and my own servants, as well as several other females, were continually breaking in upon my solitude, with agitating accounts of the various public events hourly succeeding each other; their taking this liberty was a consequence of that sort of patriarchal intercourse existing in this country between mistress and dependant, which I

had adopted in my own domestic economy, and which I have not yet had reason to repent. Every hour the door of the apartment was opened, and a dark animated visage, shrouded in the national kerchief, peeped in upon me, with a—" co sua licencia" (by your leave), or a—" naō ténha mêdo senhora" (don't be frightened). We are indeed surrounded by a peasantry naturally peaceable and inoffensive, and to whom we have had occasional opportunities of affording some relief; I therefore trust that we are in no danger of suffering either alarm or injury in our present situation: not that I have any reason to be pleased with our more immediate neighbours, one of whom was formerly a captain of banditti, and vows vengeance against the English ever since he was turned out of their army for divers malpractices. He is the great favourite of another personage in our near vicinity, (the Conde d'Ega,) who has been hitherto the tool of the *liberal* government, and has gallantly changed sides upon the approach of danger, and repaired to the camp of the prince in all the odour

of affected loyalty. I think him (nor am I severe in my judgment) one of the very worst specimens of the Portugueze fidalgueia. Adieu.

LETTER LII.

Pateo da S. June 12th.

His Majesty has made his grand entrée into Lisbon, attended by the illustrious fugitive Don Miguel, the princesses, and all the court, and proceeded to the see or cathedral church, where Te Deum was performed. The acclamations were loud and incessant; particularly at sight of the youthful princesses, who were decorated in a novel and splendid costume, being in masculine attire, (the petticoat excepted,) like colonels of regiments, with superb golden epaulettes, cocked hats, and military plumes of white feathers. It is astonishing how well the dress became these lovely creatures, who were perfectly wild with spirits, smiling and receiving the homage of a thousand flatterers with an air of proud delight, and nearly deafened by the noisier admiration of their humbler subjects. The last time his Majesty had entered that church was under

very different circumstances, and with far other sensations; it was immediately after his arrival from Brazil. The Queen, during his short absence in pursuit of the prince, had already taken advantage of her acquisition of power, to order that no vessels should be allowed to leave the harbour of Lisbon. José de Sylva Carvalho is said to have left in his writing-table a secret paper, containing a list of those persons who had sold their services to him as spies; it comprehended all ranks, and many of the nobles have been in consequent disgrace at Court. The King has had the good policy to enact a farce, called "The Reconciliation," a few days ago. He went in state to Ramallaō, to bring back the Queen in triumph, to hold a drawing-room at the palace of Queluz, and placing her in the same carriage with himself, (a circumstance which has not occurred for the last twenty years,) embraced her and kissed her cheek; upon entering the neighbourhood of Queluz, they were met by the whole of a most brilliant court, and an immense concourse of the people. The latter, taking off the horses, drew

the royal carriage as far as the gates of the palace, and the former followed *on foot*, in grand procession. Their Majesties, upon alighting again kissed each other, before all the assembly, and then proceeded, hand in hand to the audience chamber, where such numerous "beije maōs" (kissing of hands upon presentation) took place, that the ceremony was not concluded under six hours. Several ladies who were present, assured me that they dropped into a deep sleep the instant they entered their carriages on coming away, completely worn out by fatigue and exhaustion. The young daughters of the Visconde de Juromenha, and those of Donna Maria de Piedade, (cousins to my agreeable friends, the La C—— family,) the former very elegant and pretty girls, distinguished themselves upon this occasion; dressed in white, and in the utmost perfection of Parisian taste, each wearing a breast knot of the royal colours, (red and purple, in contra-distinction from the light blue cockade of the constitutional government,) they presented the young Infante with a crown of natural roses. The prince, after

accepting it, would have offered it to the King; but the latter, not ungracefully, returned it to his son, saying, "This is your guerdon Miguel, therefore keep it!" Don Miguel appeared delighted, and in acknowledgment of this homage, took his military plume from his hat, and stamping upon it, hastily tore it into numerous small feathers, which he presented to every lady present. Ever since, it has been the fashion to appear in public with a breast knot of purple and red, in which this little remnant of the princely plume is inserted: some wear a small cross depending from it, in allusion to the Conde d'Amarante, who first excited the courage of his people to arm in the cause, his sword in one hand, the crucifix in the other. It is not at all safe for ladies to appear in public without the reigning colours, or in dresses in which the obnoxious light blue is predominant. Yesterday I was obliged to go into Lisbon, and just as I was getting into the carriage, I recollected that I wore a pelisse of the latter unfortunate hue; my only remedy was to divest myself of it as soon as possible, and as I had no orthodox ribands then ready, I hastily gathered a

quantity of the scarlet carnation and purple larkspur, from the garden, which in a few minutes was woven into a rich and beautiful wreath for my hat, and afforded me at once security and ornament.

You will smile at my folly in relating all these puerilities, at a time when public affairs are so far from being settled, that every thinking person is oppressed by anxiety and inquietude. The prince is made generalissimo of the armies—a coup de maître, it is suspected, on the part of Pampelona, as it will effectually oppose the restoration of Lord Beresford, (earnestly desired by some, but which would sadly derange the French party,) and this important situation is ill-calculated for his youth, inexperience, and usual habits of life. The soldiery are more than ever in a state of insubordination, universally felt to be at once infamous and appalling: and there is evidently no master-spirit in the kingdom, who could tame the arrogance, and properly direct the energies of these military reformers, who are but too fully aware of their power

"To make, and to unmake a king!"

Great excesses on their parts are apprehended by the peaceable inhabitants of Lisbon. Count Palmella is reported to have made objections to acting with Pampelona; but how is it possible to believe in their sincerity, when it is obvious to the commonest understanding, that he ought never to have dimmed the brightness of his reputation by accepting of office while so infamous a character held sway in the cabinet? How strange is the conduct of Don Joaõ! He still continues to heap favours upon Pampelona, and never acts but by his advice; what but evil can ensue?

The priesthood all this time have not been idle; and many of them have lately been known openly to refuse absolution to their communicants, until they should renounce the constitutional form of government.

The steward of Lord Beresford, who retains the Saldanha palace in trust for his master, was so much enraptured by the sudden change of affairs, that he has illuminated the whole building, and given a dinner to some of his own friends; and Padre Joaõ, a royalist priest, was elected master of

the revels; the latter reverend personage was reported to have uttered the most piquant sarcasms, and the best jokes, of all the assembled convives, who after dinner, marched round our quinta, carolling and rejoicing, with the Padre at their head, who, par excellence, accompanied his voice upon the guitar. The group stopped as they passed my windows, and perceiving me standing there, were anxious to afford me a specimen of their holy minstrel's art; my servants flew out in a moment, with a chair and a compliment for the Padre, whose deep mellow-toned voice sounded most agreeably in the modinha he selected, chorussed by all the party. I was delighted at the novelty and hilarity of the exhibition, and having bowed my thanks, they proceeded on their way, after a few animated "vivas" from young and old. Had such a scene occurred in our own country, I fear it would have been alloyed by drunkenness and familiarity; here I knew myself safe from either. Adieu.

LETTER LIII.

Pateo da Saldanha, June.

THE king, queen and royal family, accompanied by the ministers of state, have lately paid their devoirs at the shrine of Nossa Senhora da Barracca, the newly found image, to whose benign interference is now attributed the late happy change. From hence they proceeded to the arsenal, where a beautiful frigate, called the "Don Miguel," was launched in the presence of "all the beauty and fashion" of Lisbon. The king afterwards held a levee, during which, the prince went out to meet the hero of the provinces, Count Amarante, who was approaching the city with some of his troops, who were decorated with laurels. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the multitude on receiving this popular general; they rent the air with "vivas," and would

have prostrated themselves had he wished it, beneath his horse's hoofs, while they kissed his hands and his feet in transports; indeed their joy at length took so violent a method of demonstration, that the Conde gained the audience chamber absolutely breathless. At night, the opera was brilliantly illuminated, and attended by all the court; and upon the entrance of the Conde, the scene of the morning was nearly repeated; but how vain are the hopes of men. Notwithstanding the services he has conferred upon the present ministry, he is already become the object of their jealousy; and intrigues on all sides are forming against him. The war minister is his decided enemy, (which Amarante may consider as a compliment,) but as he possesses the ear of the Infante, it is probable that prejudices in the highest quarter may eventually be excited. The Baron Teixeira* (much against his will, it is said) has been appointed minister of finance; this gentleman accumulated immense wealth during the campaign, when he was plain Senhor Sampayo, and

* Now Conde do Povo.

one of the principal contractors employed by the Duke of Wellington; his nomination to the present situation is in the belief that his riches will reflect credit upon a treasury now most wretchedly poor. The Conde Amarante has already laid his laurels at the feet of a softer conqueror; he has long been engaged to marry a lady of high family in Lisbon, (a Puritana,) to whom however he has hitherto remained a personal stranger, until of late, when he beheld her for the first time at court. The interview was by no means romantic in its character or consequences; but the marriage is arranged, *selon les règles,* and is to take place almost immediately. Balls, fêtes and entertainments are anticipated *ad infinitum,* and amongst others, they talk of one to be held in the Saldanha palace, projected by the female nobility, in honour of Prince Miguel. As to illuminations, they begin to scare the very moon from her propriety; and it will be some time yet, ere she resumes her sovereign undisputed sway over a land of silence, darkness, and tranquillity.

LETTER LIV.

Pateo da Saldanha, July 6th.

NOTHING is now talked of but the sudden *insanity* which has seized the Conde d'Amarante; occasioned, it is rumoured, by poison recently administered by some secret enemy. His military followers, dependent upon their chief for every hope of promotion, are mortified and disappointed beyond expression, at this effectual check to all his greatness; the capricious sun of royal favour has already withdrawn its beams from him, and his alarming illness was such, as to induce a conviction in his own mind, that his last hour was come, and a hasty summons for the assistance of his confessor; in this he was mistaken, as he has since rallied sufficiently to appear in public, though with strange alteration of countenance, and with

strong marks of mental derangement. Some among the Fidalgueia are evidently unable to conceal the expression of a malignant joy. Gracious heaven! on what a reed does that man lean, who depends for his support upon the hollow smile of courtly favour! How firm should be the principles which can resist the temptation to a disloyal mode of resentment, when smarting under its unmerited frown! We were present, however, very lately at one house, where he was received, together with the officers in his suite, with the most gratifying and noble courtesy; his cross was worn upon many a fair bosom, and royalist hymns were sung by lovely lips; all gracefully contending which should most warmly greet so honoured and distinguished a guest. I would not be understood to hold up the Conde d'Amarante as a hero, (in the genuine sense of the word,) neither are his abilities of the first order, or his virtues transcendent, but he has excited my very sincere commiseration, in consequence of his generally honourable conduct and his most undeserved misfortune. The ball at the Saldanha palace is now arranged

to take place very shortly. The lady-patronesses, sixteen in number, meet in one of the apartments there, every three or four days, in grand and secret council; nor does the divan break up under some hours. The list of the persons they intend to invite, I have seen; and I cannot but smile at the delight some persons evidently feel in this opportunity of mortifying many of their acquaintance, whom they affect to consider as "*canaille*," a la mode d'Almacks: being the personal friend of one who has a share in the direction of this important business, I am exempt from the misery of exclusion, which I believe they consider would be tantamount to annihilation!

Last night, a sort of mutiny broke out among those troops who are quartered near us at the Boa Hora, in which affray four lives were lost. The Infante came down in the morning, accompanied by Amarante, (who is now created Marquis de Chaves, an empty honour,) and soon succeeded in quelling the disorder. I was foolish enough to make myself quite uneasy, by the strange placards which have been stuck upon the walls of our

Pateo; one of them is so characteristic of the spirit which actuates the soldiery in general, that I cannot forbear sending it to you.

" Logo que tivemos paõ e vinho,
Viva nosso Infantinho!
Agora que temos so paõ,
Viva o Constituiçao!"

Which may be thus rendered in an equally doggerel translation:

" While we had wine as well as bread,
Long live our little prince! we said,
But now that wine is ta'en away,
Long live the liberals! we say."

LETTER LV.

Pateo da Saldanha, July.

I DO not recollect that in any of my former letters I have mentioned to you an excursion which my husband, accompanied by two friends, made in the spring to Setubal (commonly called St. Ubes) a small commercial town about thirty miles distant from Lisbon; famous for its salt-pits, oranges and wine. The object of their tour was to explore the adjacent country, which common report had extolled as picturesque and interesting in the highest degree. As they were obliged to cross the Tagus at its widest, and as the accommodations on the other side were not much praised by former travellers, I did not accompany the party; and yet, I afterwards regretted my want of energy, as they returned more highly gratified than even their sanguine expectations had led them to anticipate. The route, from the place of disembarkation, (Moita,) consisted

Drawn by M. Baillie.

PORTUGUEZE FRIARS.

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of heavy sand, and wound through a large tract of pine-wood; mules, ready accoutred for the road, and not less obstinate than is usual to the fraternity, conveyed them in three or four hours to the Casa de Pasto, at which they intended to pass the night. Woe to the traveller who alights before his journey's end! for no persuasion will induce his four-footed servant passively to submit to be mounted again; from an ignorance of this little prejudice in the mule, one of our friends nearly suffered serious inconvenience.

Within six miles of St. Ubes, you pass, upon the left, the remarkable hill and castle of Palmella, forming a singular and beautiful feature in the landscape for many leagues around. The inn was found to be tolerably free both from the persevejos (bugs) and mosquitos; I say "tolerably," for a little rest, where none is expected, is a great luxury. The second day was one both of labour and enjoyment, as the mountain, cave, and convent of the Arrabida were successively reached and explored. The romantic wildness of the scenery is such, that I am

assured no description can do it justice; indeed many persons are of opinion, that it more than rivals Cintra, both in beauty and sublimity. At all events the completely different countenance which nature here assumes, compared with that to which the eye is accustomed in Lisbon, appears to have afforded the highest gratification to the whole party. The mountain of Arrabida, from the inequality of its situation, forms at once one of the most peculiar as well as beautiful objects in Portugal. The convent, dedicated to Nossa Senhora d'Arrabida, stands nearly at the summit of the mountain, embosomed in fine woods; and seen from the ocean, which is in its immediate vicinity, must call forth many an ardent wish from the longing mariner, to visit its paradisiacal retreat. A very singular cave, excavated by the force of the waves, was visited before they proceeded to the convent; it is divided into several compartments, one of which is used as a chapel, where the poor pescadores, and other humble inhabitants of the coast, had offered up many a votive gift, vowed in the hour of storm or shipwreck; this

chapel is also an object of pilgrimage, and a more romantic shrine can hardly be seen.

The padres of the convent treated their Protestant visitors with the utmost hospitality and attention, nor should it be forgotten, that an instance of deficiency in this respect is hardly ever known to occur, however poor the order or severe their rules. The building is so embedded in the mountain, that the rude stairs appear as if hewn from the living rock, and it forms altogether one of the most picturesque edifices that the imagination can conceive; the order is that of St. Francisco.

In this neighbourhood our travellers experienced a shower of rain, and you may perhaps smile at the mention of so trifling an incident; but after being accustomed to arid, sandy, or paved roads, for many long months, the delight of a shower is hardly to be expressed, heightened, as it then was, by its effect upon the local scenery; no words can depict their enjoyment, while listening to the cool drops, as they rode beneath a covert of the most luxurious shrubs, (the

myrtle being the most common of any,) and breathed the fullness of their aromatic odour drawn forth by the freshening influence of the falling element. On their return home, they visited the castle of Palmella, which belongs to the military order of St. James, and is inhabited by some of the knights. The whole of the surrounding country is rich in the vine, the olive, and the orange, but it is not considered to be healthy, the inhabitants being subject to the ague. As some English gentlemen were returning a short time ago through the pine-wood I have before mentioned, between St. Ubes and Moita, they found, beneath a tree, the murdered body of a man who had been recently assassinated. One of the gentlemen, with a natural British feeling, proposed to carry the corpse to the nearest house; but his companion, who had been more habituated to sights of the kind, and who was experienced in the customs of the country, strongly dissuaded him from such an attempt; his argument was concise, but pithy. "Are you prepared to bring forward the murderer?"—"No."—"Then how can

you prove that you yourself did not commit the deed? and this you will infallibly be required to do, if you touch the corpse."—They proceeded on their way, and the first Englishman remarked that his pantaloons were sprinkled with blood; and immediately perceiving that he might become an object of suspicion, he proposed to his companion that he should retire into the wood and change them, having his portmanteau at hand. His friend was here equally prudent: "No," said he, "why, innocent as you are, give additional reason of suspicion, if we happen to be apprehended?"—They rode on, and at the first small town were stopped by the armed police, who had already heard of the murder. They answered the usual interrogations, and were then asked whether they had seen the murdered body? "Yes;" "Have you touched it?" "No;"—"Why then this blood?" "The reason is apparent," said the Englishman, "look at the mouth of my mule:" this was covered with slime and blood, which had actually given rise to the question. On less ground of suspicion might a person of bad character, and travelling

alone, have been brought to trial, and perhaps to an ignominious punishment! What I am now going to relate, is certainly irrelative to the subject, but it has just occurred to my recollection, and may afford you some amusement. I allude to the existence of a very singular sect in Lisbon, (who also extend their numbers over the whole of Portugal,) called "Sebastianistos." Incredible as it may seem, these people daily expect the return from Africa of an ancient king, Don Sebastian by name, famous in the annals of chivalry, who lost his life in attempting the conquest of the country. This event happened in 1578—but strange rumours were then raised concerning it; the body of the brave prince was never found, and it was believed that he had been spirited away by the force of Moorish enchantments. A time, however, was predicted should arrive, when he should break the unholy spell of his infidel oppressors, and once more return to bless his faithful people in his native land. The tale has been handed down to the present times from generation to generation, and every thing connected with the history

of Sebastian is still held in superstitious reverence. I told you that I had seen the chair of state at the Moorish palace of Cintra, upon which he sat the last evening he passed in this country, previous to his fatal embarkation; you will hardly credit the assertion, (yet I assure you it is no fiction,) that we have repeatedly seen whole sets of the Sebastianistos, assembling from day to day, upon the heights of Lisbon, gazing wistfully towards the sea, and expecting to perceive the white sails of their hero, returning from the land of magic thrall; their children are baptized by his beloved name, and I myself have frequently played with one of these little Sebastians, whose parents reside in the neighbourhood of the Saldanha, and who are, in spite of their superstitious belief, very sober-minded rational sort of people in every other respect.

I had written thus far, when a piece of intelligence reached us, of so delightful a nature, that every other idea immediately faded before it. We are coming home. *Home!* that talismanic word, which thrills the heart of every child of Britain, and

whose full import can never be comprehended by any foreigner to the soil. The same invaluable friend who has hitherto cheered my spirit with hope of our return, now holds out certainty to our acceptance. Through the efforts of his never-failing and persevering friendship, my husband has been appointed to a situation whose official duties will require his presence in London, and which will at once replace us in the midst of our old friends and connections, and restore us to the enjoyment of his valued society. What do we not owe to this paternal solicitude! a solicitude which extends not only to our solid interests, but to our own peculiar notions of happiness. Many friends may be ready to serve you; but it must be in their own way, not yours: true delicacy alone knows how to confer an obligation; but I cannot write any more now; my heart is too full. Adieu.

LETTER LVI.

Pateo da Saldanha, July.

THE new English chapel, built at the expense of the Factory, in the very picturesque burying ground I have formerly mentioned, has lately been opened, and reflects great credit upon the architect, who has evinced much simple and appropriate taste.* It is capable of containing the whole British population, which may amount at present to about 800 persons; a portion of whom are Irish Roman Catholics. To those unfortunate strangers who are doomed to leave in this country their mortal remains, it must at least afford some consolation to know, that the funeral rites are most respectably performed, and that the spot of their interment is so beautiful, that a visit to their

* It may perhaps be only doing justice to mention that it was planned by Mr. Fowler of Great Ormond Street.

grave would soothe and calm the sorrow of their surviving friends. Far, far different to the horrid receptacles for the dead, in the vicinity of most other cities, (that of London in particular,) this ground awakens no charnel house associations; though the trees give a somewhat melancholy shade, every thing around is calm, silent, and cool; verdant shrubs adorn the avenues, and the fairest and sweetest flowers are planted upon the graves of those who once were sweeter and more blooming than themselves! Here Fielding, that incomparable author, found his last home; but it is unmarked even by a simple stone! I was shown the exact place, however, by an old friend, who had himself attended his funeral. One part of these grounds was appropriated to those heroes who fell in the Peninsular war, and several monuments, well preserved, point out the spot of earth which covers many a brave and gallant heart. The Dutch also possess a share of the inclosure, as well as the German protestants, who have a chapel of their own, situated not far from the convent of the Necessidades. I believe I have not yet

mentioned to you the principal convents of Lisbon; those for men are St. Vincente, the Graça, St. Bento, and St. Domingos. The former, if I recollect rightly, gives the title of Don to its holy inmates, who are of noble families, and, as it would seem, not of the most humble ideas, for it is against their rules to walk, when they go out; they are also obliged to appear in couples, whenever they are seen abroad; indeed, it is customary, in many convents, to forbid the monks to go out singly; surely this is not meant as an oblique reflection upon the clergy!

I admire, as you may perceive, and duly, the superiority of the Lisbon burial ground, to most of those in my own country; and yet, in despite of all which I have said, my imagination revolts at the idea of finally reposing my head upon any pillow but that of my native earth. Strong, indeed, is the love of home, which dwells in the depths of some hearts; it mingles with every idea and influences every feeling. I too often find myself, though no philosopher, gazing, like the sage Ulysses, in the direction of our own

dear island; and in this instance, at least, the wisdom of man and the weakness of woman coincide. Under these impressions, you will not accuse me of a want of taste, when I thus compare the different charms of this country and my own:

I wish I were in yon dear land,
Beyond the stormy ocean's bound!
What, though it boast not golden strand,*
Nor golden fruits within are found!

There myrtle shades, nor weeping vine,
Nor orange groves surprise the eye;
Nor summer suns intensely shine,
Nor gorgeous moons with day-light vie.

Nor sports the fire-fly all the night,
In restless flight from flower to flower,
Like sparkling gem of rubied light,
Called into life by fairy power!

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* I need hardly remind you that poets have ever celebrated the Tagus, as well as the Pactolus, as possessing sands of gold.

Nor marbled palaces are there,
Each with its hundred menial train;
Nor steals upon the silent air,
From convent walls the midnight strain.

But oh, my country! sweeter seem
Thy verdant meads, thy "bosky bourns;"
Where placid rivers crystal gleam,
And classic willow graceful mourns!

And fairer to thy minstrel's eye,
Thy straw-roofed cottages appear,
Where climbing woodbines canopy
The porch to free-born rustic dear!

Now, even now, methinks I hear
The gushing sound of babbling rill—
The blackbird's note, so wild and clear,
'Mid thousand warblers sweetest still!

Methinks I see the dappled fawn
Peep shyly from the leafy glade,
Then bound along the velvet lawn,
To seek the forest's deeper shade.

And, oh! the scents of dewy spring,
Unprized on Lusitania's shore,
Doth tantalizing memory bring
To mock my home-sick fancy more!

* * * *

The Swiss, condemned, alas! to roam,
(By stern cold Prudence' mandate led,)
Still dreams of his sweet early home,
Still hopes return, till hope is dead.

Then fail at once, his youthful prime,
His ruddy health, his manly strength;
The victim of a foreign clime,
He pines, he fades, he sinks at length.

LETTER LVII.

Pateo da Saldanha,
August 13th, 1823.

SINCE the appointment of Pampelona, the expression of discontent has been nearly universal; execrations, "deep not loud," may be heard on every side; "mais c'est égal;" he remains in power, and is most courted by those who hate him most. This is a very extraordinary country, king, and government; for by the laws of the first, Pampelona is still under the ban of his ignominious sentence, and the second has not repealed the order for his execution as a traitor, which extends also to his wife—she who stands with him condemned to lose her head, still bears it haughtily upon her shoulders, and those hands *yet* devoted to the bloody axe, are daily extended in all the pride of patronage to many a cringing courtier, who boasts that she should thus have given him their "bluest veins to kiss." Do

you shudder at the picture?—spare your commiseration; she, who bears not woman's heart, is unworthy of the tender interest due to the sex. The speedy arrival of the Duke d'Angouleme is talked of, in certain circles, but nothing positive upon the subject is yet known; I should think that many eyes which are still closed to the intriguing spirit that wars against the English cause, will then effectually be opened, upon its appearance bodily—*nous verrons*.

Sir Robert Wilson, having been unsuccessful in Spain, has just entered the port of Lisbon, and having ventured imprudently on shore, has been arrested by the authorities of the place; it is not yet known what will be determined upon against him, but it is strongly reported that Pampelona, contrary to all reasonable anticipation, had advised that he should be suffered to depart perfectly unmolested.

The conduct of the Infante, with respect to this minister, appears perfectly inexplicable; its inconsistency throws all rational conjecture at an irrecoverable distance:—he now manifests an utter detestation of his

society ; and upon being obliged, in compliance with the royal commands, to honour a ball, given by Pampelona, with his presence, he was seized by one of those transports of indignation to which he is said to be painfully addicted : the servants, as the hour of night approached, dare not ask the prince what habit he would vouchsafe to wear, and at length, at the last moment, he threw himself on his horse, rejecting any other mode of conveyance, and, in marked dishabille, made his appearance in the ball room ; where, upon a throne, prepared for his reception, he remained the whole of the evening gloomy and silent. Report does not scruple to affirm, that he is already weary of his new distinction as commander-in-chief, which has been foreseen by the minister. One or two energetic spirits are said to have endeavoured to open his eyes to the grasping ambition and crafty policy of the latter ; nor did the prince appear insensible of their true loyalty, and of his own heavy responsibility : but amusement is all-powerful to some minds, and self-controul is a lesson

hitherto strange to his apprehension, and too difficult now to be attained.

We were lately present at a splendid assembly given by the Countess A. in honour of the approaching marriage of her second daughter Donna Maria José. The contract had been signed in the morning, and all the most distinguished personages in Lisbon assisted. The loyal principles and the disinterested and unaffected veneration for their sovereigns of the whole house of A—— is universally known and acknowledged; I was, therefore, not surprized to perceive the fine countenance of its graceful representative illuminated with the most radiant expression of pleasure, as she conversed with the different ministers upon the subject of the recent change. The perusal of their several physiognomies afforded me the most interesting subject of speculation: you know my theory is formed neither upon the rules of Lavater nor Gall; nor am I mad enough to defend it as infallible; yet, the conclusions I have drawn have almost always been just, and this heightens my enjoyment of the

science, if science it may be called, which, in my case, is destitute of any fixed rule, and yet is as often crowned with success as that of mathematics itself. The Countess Alva was present; I know not if I have ever mentioned this lady to you in any former letter; if not, I have been guilty of a great omission, for she is considered to be one of the most accomplished women in Portugal, and her manner and conversation have ever struck me as singularly amiable and distinguished: she is the sister of the Conde (now Marquis) Palmella. Adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

Pateo da Saldanha,
August, 1823.

THE report, mentioned in my last, of Sir Robert Wilson's having come on shore, I now find to have been incorrect: he is arrested, but remains on board his vessel; but he has either sent, or the king has demanded, his order of the Tower and Sword, bestowed formerly in acknowledgment of the distinguished services he had rendered to this country during the Peninsular war.—Whatever may have been his subsequent errors of conduct, I cannot but think that the king would have displayed a laudable forbearance, and a judicious magnanimity, had Sir Robert carried this order with him to the grave.

The French Ambassador, Mons. Hyde de Neuville, lately landed here, under repeated salutations, and the Patriarch is daily expected to return from his banishment, in

grand state; the ceremony will be pre-eminently solemn, and also as magnificent as the present exhausted state of finance will allow. We were lately at a gay soirée, given by the Viscountess de T. where the brilliant musical performance of her elegant daughters formed the chief attraction of the evening. Here I had the good fortune to sit next to a friend, who was invaluable to me as a sort of *diable boiteux*—his perfect knowledge of the world in general, and of that of Lisbon in particular, afford me the most piquant species of amusement. Two or three anecdotes I cannot forbear relating, as they are nationally characteristic. A beautiful woman, covered with jewels, entered the room; "That lady (said my *diable*) is the young bride of the Conde ***; her wit is not exactly equal to her beauty, but she fixed the roving inclinations of her lord, who is the *Don Juan* of this country, and has made and broken no less than eight contracts of marriage, with daughters of some of the first houses; he saw her leaning from her balcony one evening as he accidentally passed on horseback, and wooed her in the equestrian

fashion, daily caracolling before her door, and offering up mute vows of adoration, until he had gained her favourable attention. The mother of the lady receiving further information of his rank and fortune and honourable intentions, by means of a female contrabandista (or smuggler) employed as his agent, (still a-la-mode de Portugal,) was enraptured at the prospect of so brilliant an alliance; his morality was not thought of, and the marriage took place in as short a time as possible, lest the hero should again change his mind ere it was concluded." This mode of courtship is very common among the Portugueze; they express their wishes and make known their intentions by a thousand expressive signs: indeed, the language of the fingers and eyes is as well understood here as in Spain. I myself once accidentally witnessed a scene of this kind, which was concluded by the man's clasping his hands together, as he stood on tiptoe beneath the latticed window of his dark-eyed laughing inamorata. "Do you know what that action signifies?" said a person who was with me, and who was accustomed to the

manners and customs of the natives; "he has just made an offer of marriage." I was further cautioned by my discreet informant not to appear often at the windows, or to return too courteously the bowing salutations I might chance to receive from any of my acquaintance mounted *en cavalier*, unless I wished to excite the curiosity of the neighbourhood. A hint which, you will readily imagine, I did not neglect—but this is a long digression; I return to my subject. "Look at that graceful and elegant woman, who is receiving the compliments of so many persons," continued my diable, "her beauty is of an English character;"—"and her taste in dress also," I rejoined; "for you see she has chosen a plain robe of white; only a few pearls ornament her fair neck, and the rich tresses of her dark auburn hair are confined simply with a tortoise-shell comb."—"She is the wife of the Conde de S. L." said my informant, "the mother of several lovely children, and her air of languor and suffering, which is too apparent not to be remarked, is in consequence of the cruel privations and anxieties she lately en-

dured during her banishment by the constitutional government, to a barren and dreary scene of the most desolate solitude; she accompanied her husband to this horrid place, and in ministering to his health has lost her own." Many similar sketches of character were made by my spirited companion in the course of this evening; but I will conclude with the exhibition of one, which made such an impression upon my imagination, that when I was in my turn presented to its original, I could with difficulty repress a shuddering sensation of horror and dismay.—"Observe that lady, who is seated at the upper end of the apartment," said my Asmodeus; "do you see her airs of haughty nonchalance?—as yon courtier approaches to kiss her hand, her proud heart prompts her to extend her foot in its stead; she burns to plant it upon the neck of every individual present, that of her husband not excepted. Did you remark the expression of her livid countenance?"—"Dreadful! it is the very worst I ever beheld; I can scarcely comprehend its singular character: were I not afraid to utter so harsh a conjecture upon a

person who is unknown to me, I should say, that some dark crime was stamped upon her brow." "You are not deceived; she is said to be the murderess of her first husband, in order to give her favoured lover a legal claim to her society." By what means the narrator became acquainted with her guilt I cannot tell; but I was solemnly assured of its certainty; and yet this Messalina is received in society, and gives the most magnificent entertainments; at the last of which, a person of our acquaintance refused to partake of some lemonade which the hostess pressed upon his acceptance, in a manner so strange and sinister, as to awaken confused thoughts of poison in the mind of her guest. This is a portrait in the true Rembrandt style; the depth of its shadows appals the very soul! Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

St. Amaro, Aug. 20th, 1823.

You will be surprized at the date of this; but we have left our pretty villa, fearing to incommode Lord Beresford, who is daily expected to arrive, and have taken up our residence in a house called the "Palasetta," (little palace,) which we had thought it prudent to hire (for the usual period of six months, if we took it at all) some weeks ago, when we were threatened by the legal opponents of Lord Beresford with a forcible ejectment from the Saldanha residence. I believe I never yet told you of the disagreeable predicament in which we were at that time involved. At one period, during the last days of the constitutional reign, the person calling himself the true proprietor of the Saldanha property, declared his determination of making good his entrance through the medium of the battering ram, since the sapping and mining process of the law was

too tardy in operation to satisfy his impatience. We were advised by the competent authorities on the other side to make the most vigorous resistance, and I had accordingly the pleasure of living for some days in a state of siege, keeping every door and gate barred, and suffering a thousand apprehensions, which appear ridiculous now they are at an end, although they were not a little annoying at the moment.

St. Amaro is a pretty habitation, comparatively speaking, with a prodigious number of rooms, which would be superfluous to us in our own country, although, from habit, we now find a use for them all. It would be impossible to remain here in the winter season, as there is not only the usual absence of fireplaces, but every door and window (the former more in number to each apartment than the latter, in the usual Portugueze fashion) is so rudely and awkwardly constructed as to admit the rain and wind in every direction; but it answers our purpose at this time of the year perfectly well; and is superior in one point even to the villa we have quitted: I allude to the free and pure air

which, from its standing upon very elevated ground, we enjoy here in a pre-eminent degree. Invalids are generally sent to breathe the air of St. Amaro, when all other remedies fail: but the first night of our arrival, the wind being very high, I thought we should have been literally blown away! not a candle would remain lighted in any room of the house, and I began to think, that we must have recourse to the stable lanthorns, if we did not wish to remain in total darkness. The view from our windows is very extensive; Lisbon, hanging, like some snowy aërial city, upon her seven rocky hills, on the one side, and the majestic Tagus on the other, flowing onwards to the ocean, whose heaving world of dark blue waters we can discern far beyond the entrance to the harbour. Adieu.

LETTER LX.

St. Amaro, Aug. 25th.

THE pleasures of ambition have ever appeared to me few in number, and very imperfect and unsatisfactory in quality; and I should imagine this to be felt more particularly by those who are here elevated to the helm of state, in such a disastrous and precarious position of the country. Every day seems to add to the embarrassment of the ministry, and how or whether they will ultimately succeed in restoring a more prosperous order of things, is perhaps more painful than difficult to conjecture. Bahia was evacuated by the Portugueze troops on the 2d of July, and also by nearly the whole of its inhabitants: the British ship Porcupine is just arrived from thence, having left, on the 4th, a convoy of at least eighty vessels of different nations, containing the troops and persons I have mentioned. Between fifteen and twenty men of war form

part of this convoy, and they continue to arrive daily. Lord Cochrane, by command of the Emperor of the Brazils Don Pedro, was following them closely when the Porcupine came away. The king has ever been particularly jealous of his eldest son, and it is to be feared that this fresh demonstration of colonial independence will affect him most painfully. Report affirms that the sudden determination of the people to abandon Bahia was made upon receipt of intelligence from this country, that the *late* government had refused to honour certain bills drawn in favour of, or by, the merchants of the place, for provisions and necessaries supplied to the troops when in a state of great distress. General Madeira, who commanded, has behaved with far more consistency of principle, as well as personal valour, in the defence of Bahia, than any of the constitutional heroes of whom it has fallen to my lot to have heard, and it appears hard that his reception in Lisbon, upon his return, should be of so chilling and disheartening a nature, as (to say the least) it will certainly prove. He has yet to learn, that in faithfully obeying

the orders of "el Rey *Constitucional*," he has sinned past forgiveness against "el Rey Absoluto."

Very considerable arrears of pay are due both to the army and navy; but how they are to be discharged, no one is able to divine, as the treasury is now completely a name, and the resources of the country are dreadfully exhausted. The soldiery continue to be discontented and turbulent, and this addition, of at least ten thousand men, will hardly improve the state of affairs. There are startling reports also in circulation, relative to the island of Madeira; on the 22d the king dispatched two ships of war to that place, with criminal judges to the number of six on board, who were accompanied by that very important appendage to the law—the hangman: it is suspected that the government intend to make a few terrific examples there, where it is safer to indulge in a vindictive course of law, than in this country; more particularly as they will be out of the sight of Don Joaõ, whose best point of character is an aversion to the shedding of

blood; indeed, he even carries lenity to a dangerous excess.

An attack will probably be made against the Freemasons, who are at present, objects of peculiar dread and hostility; it was only a short time ago that I heard a Portugueze gentleman gravely assert that he believed they practised many of the occult arts, that of sorcery included. The Jews also are beginning to be more unpopular than usual: and it is pretty confidently believed that such prejudice is encouraged in order to pave the way for the re-establishment of the Inquisition. How infinitely painful is it to reflect, that whole nations of our fellow creatures may thus be thrust once more, by the iron hand of power, into that depth of mental darkness, from whence they had but just begun to emerge! What species of dominion is that, which, to secure its own stability, finds it indispensable to put out the eyes of its slaves? The subject will not bear an argument; reason, justice, and humanity, turn, sickening and indignant, from its audacious sophistry. It is said, that a memorial, signed by two hundred of the

most respectable inhabitants of Madeira, has been sent to the British government; setting forth the inability of Portugal to defend her colonies, and requesting to be received under the protection of England, whose laws they desire to adopt. At the same time they are reported to have offered certain advantages, which she might consider as not wholly unacceptable.

Last week the Patriarch made his solemn entry into Lisbon, and was received by his Majesty with most distinguished honours.—I am endeavouring to beguile my impatience to return home, by thus dilating upon public events, but I confess that my selfish heart is wholly engrossed by private concerns and feelings.—*Paciencia!* How often am I recalled to a calmer tone of mind by this expression from my different Portugueze acquaintance! I shall never forget the condensed wisdom of the expression, nor another all-significant word, which is ever on their lips, and which is wholly untranslatable—"*saudades*." How am I to make you understand its varied meanings, or appreciate the elegance of its frequent application?

If you are leaving a person you love, you would beseech him or her "to retain *saudades* for your memory;" if you send a cheerful salutation to absent friends, "you waft them a thousand *saudades*." The other day I was sitting at my window in a joyous mood, gazing upon the sea and thinking of England; I believe I looked the happiness I felt, for my Portugueze nurse observed, with a significant smile, that "many *saudades* awaited me in my native land; but oh," she exclaimed, in a tone of sudden grief, and passionately kissing the infant in her arms, "what *saudades* will it cost me, when I think of this child!"

The affectionate fervour of manner towards those they esteem, peculiar to the females of Portugal in every rank of life, is to me highly agreeable and engaging; if I enter the opera box, the ball room, or the retirement of a friend here, she equally springs forward to greet me, and without a thought of those who may or may not be present, she embraces me kindly, and perhaps bestows a kiss in addition; self is unremembered, in the pleasure of meeting another.

In England, on the contrary, how chilling is the reception, generally speaking, which you receive even from the most intimate connection, if what is called " company" are witnesses to your entrance! An Englishwoman must appear to a foreigner pre-eminently egotistical, for she never loses sight of her own effect; perpetually watching the eyes of all, she is for ever afraid of " committing herself" by following the genuine impulse of her heart. Is this shyness, pride, or folly? perhaps a mixture of all, with this extenuating addition—" the force of habit, induced by a mistaken system of education." Now will your national feelings be up in arms against me, and perhaps I shall be accused of having become a recreant to those principles of delicacy and propriety which form the just distinction of my fair countrywomen; believe me, you would do me wrong. I love my country, and its inhabitants; I am even more proud than ever in feeling myself an Englishwoman; and it is therefore that I regret that unamiable and unnatural frigidity of manner, which time and a continued intercourse with the rest of the world, will one day, it is to be hoped, subdue. Adieu.

LETTER LXI.

St. Amaro.

In the midst of my impatience to leave this country, I feel that at all events I ought to be thankful that circumstances obliged us to occupy our present residence, during the time we may yet have to remain here; already the English rose begins to revive upon the cheek of my boy, and I myself enjoy the gradual return of physical animation, in consequence of being able to walk every morning and evening upon the sort of down, on which our house is built; so much for the bracing influence of cooler air! It is really a delightful variety to move by means of two legs, after having so long been accustomed to four. If I had staid much longer in Portugal, I believe I should have forgotten the use of my limbs altogether. The indolent habits of the females who do not dance, or are of a certain age, in the upper classes of society, resemble those

which are described in the account of an eastern harem. It has only been of late years, that women have learnt how to sit upon chairs; and even now, I know that many of the elder ladies, who are too much attached to the customs of their youth easily to change, continue to sit with their legs crossed, and doubled under them, in the ancient Moorish fashion, even upon chairs, fondly persuading themselves that their posture is unobserved, as they take care to let the petticoat fall over the space where the legs *ought* to be. I must tell you an anecdote which was related to me not long since, by an arch little donna of the new school, relative to the puritanos of this country, for the truth of which, however, I will by no means vouch; but first I ought to explain, what I believe I have never yet done, the meaning of the term puritano. It is the distinctive appellation of that class of the nobility, who pretend to trace their descent from a source too high and remote for *common* minds to conceive; and who have carefully preserved the purity of their blood, by never having permitted an alliance

with any person of inferior birth to take place among them. These high personages are (or rather used to be, for I really believe the absurdity of their pretensions is now beginning to be viewed, even by themselves, in its true light) extremely cautious in the choice of their society, confining themselves almost exclusively to that of their equals in rank. Once on a time then, it happened, that a knot of puritana dames were discussing the subject of who was, or who was not, properly qualified for the high honour of their acquaintance. "If the Virgin Mary were alive," said one, "we could not visit her, you know, on account of her plebeian rank in life." "I can hardly decide," replied another—"she is entitled to our adoration dead or live." At length the matter was settled to the satisfaction of everybody, by the fiat of an ancient Marqueza, the oracle of the party.—"Yes," said she, "we *might* visit the Virgin, on account of her being so *highly connected;* she is, you know, the Mother of G—d!" I have been passing an hour this evening (as I have often done before) in the style of Spanish rather than

of Portugueze romance, amusing myself with the guitar; but the ladies of both countries, in these modern days, are too apt to abandon their sweet native modinhas for the brilliant varieties of Rossini's music. In Spain the barbers almost monopolize this instrument, and take their customers by the ears as well as by the nose; but I am of a different way of thinking, and have been sitting in a balcony, which projects beyond my window, in the brief but sweet twilight of this climate, enjoying the mild sea breeze, and watching the gradually increasing brilliancy of that gem of heaven, the evening star; my only auditors a flock of rough looking goats, whose collar bells mingled not unmusically with my voice, as they browzed on the scanty herbage beneath.

Adieu.

LETTER LXII.

St. Amaro.

The British minister, Sir Edward Thornton, is at last arrived; and it is to be hoped that his judicious counsels will be of much service to his majesty, who, poor man, has much occasion for conscientious advisers, in these difficult times; and the more so, as the French party have betrayed the most palpable anxiety to possess themselves exclusively of the royal ear.

There is a great deal said about the modified constitution which the king had solemnly promised to bestow upon his people, and which his ministers are also said to be at this moment composing; but it is shrewdly suspected that nothing is farther from their intentions than to perform this promise; the king will remain absolute in name, his ministers in reality, and every hope of a constitution will soon expire, even in the bosoms of the most credulous and san-

guine. The very persons who once counselled Don Joaõ to bestow the boon, at the time when the old government began to totter, now find it more convenient to advise him as strongly against it. An instance of courage and singleness of mind, which was lately displayed in the conduct of a Portugueze gentleman of known talent, forms a brilliant contrast to that of too many of his countrymen. The king having intimated that he had appointed him to some high official situation, this gentleman returned the most grateful and manly acknowledgments for such a mark of his sovereign's favour, but declined to accept it; "I am a freemason," said he. "I know that the order is considered as obnoxious to your majesty, and that of late it has been rigorously denounced; but I avow that I belong to the fraternity, although neither demagogue nor traitor. I cannot honourably accept the office proposed to me by your majesty, because I should then be restricted from speaking truth; your majesty is at this moment encircled by freemasons; the illustrious gentlemen who share your highest

confidence belong at this moment to three lodges; they find it advisable to counsel your majesty in a different manner to that which *my* conscience would allow me do; I have nothing more to say."

Why are there not more of these honourable characters? The reason is too evident; "Kings seldom know how to appreciate their worth." The Queen is said to be in a terrible state of temper, on account of the bad news from Bahia; the island of San Miguel and another (whose name has escaped my recollection) have openly declared for the constitution. Several of the Portugueze ships, chased by Lord Cochrane, are come into the river, dismasted, and knocked all to pieces; and it is even reported that he has captured fourteen sail of the line

We dined, lately, at one of the country seats of Donna Pepina, the newly married daughter of the Countess A——, where her husband received us with frank and hospitable courtesy; the house is small, cool, and rural in its style; but the surrounding quinta is very extensive, and bears some faint resemblance to an English park; we accom-

panied them the following night to the opera, where the fair bride dazzled every eye by the magnificence of her nuptial splendour. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

St. Amaro, 5th September.

THE King has expressed himself to be greatly delighted at the arrival of Sir Edward Thornton, although the influence of the French party is daily gaining ground; Hyde de Neuville's principles of *extreme right*, it is feared, may work us *extreme wrong*; that is, if we are tame enough to suffer it. There is another Frenchman immediately expected without delay, who will invest the king with the order of the *Saint Esprit;* he has more need of *l'Esprit Sain!* —(but this, par parenthése.) Another frigate and a man of war are arrived, bringing out Sir George Nayler and the long expected—Garter! The king is said to be in raptures, and daily hurries on his surgeons in the cure of his affected leg, in order to be in a fit state to receive the investiture.—(15th.)—I was interrupted when I had written thus far, and have not been able to

renew my narrative until now. My beloved friend dined with me to-day, at a very early hour, tête-à-tête; and with the exception of next Monday, when she has asked us to meet the French ambassador's party at her own house, I fear this may be the last time I may see her; for I shall endeavour to avoid, if possible, the sufferings of a decided farewell; you can hardly imagine the pain it gives me, when I think of the separation; nor can I look at her without tears. The warmth of female friendship in this country, when once sincerely felt, would amaze most Englishwomen; I shall never meet with it again!

19th. Another long interruption; I believe there is some spell against my concluding this letter in peace. The English naval officers have been fêted and invited everywhere by those Portugueze who are of their side in politics. We meet them in all parts of the city and its environs, curiously surveying the peculiarities of the place; some of them lately climbed the heights of our St. Amaro, and visited its church, to view the extraordinary quantity of waxen

legs, arms, hands and feet, &c. which are daily offered at the shrine of the saint; and more particularly by the gallegos, whose patron he is. When anybody has a complaint in one or other of these members, he drags himself (no matter how painfully) up to the summit of the steep acclivity on which the church stands, to implore a cure from St. Amaro; the king also has sent the model of his own leg, as a votive offering to the shrine. Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

St. Amaro, Sept.

Our departure being yet delayed, we have taken the opportunity of paying a farewell visit to some Portugueze friends, at their country residence, a few miles distant from Lisbon, and not far from the shores of the Tagus. The whole scene I there witnessed, was so singular, so original, so utterly unlike any I had ever before seen, that in now looking back upon it, it appears like a romantic and fanciful dream, or a vision of some primitive and pastoral age, long since gone by, conjured back for a space by the force of a vivid imagination. We went by water, and on leaving the boat, (from which I was carried to the shore through the shallow waves, between two of the native boatmen in their picturesque costume, their long ringlets falling wildly over their sun-burnt foreheads,) we crossed two or three fields on the estate in question, (where heath-flowers,

rosemary, chamomile, wild thyme, and other aromatic herbs, grew in profusion, and emitted the most delightful fragrance,) before we reached the wood of orange and lemon trees, which incloses the mansion. Here we were greeted by our host and his family; and after having viewed the quinta, and admired the bowers of grapes, the beds of melons and bobras, (a sort of gourd which grows here to the most gigantic size,) the fountains, and tall close-cut hedges of box, were conducted to the house; our host leading the way, with a long pastoral staff in his hand, and pointing out every thing to our notice, although his own eyes were for ever closed to the beauties he described; poor man! he is totally blind, but bears his afflicting deprivation with the most perfect resignation and cheerfulness. The only charm of his life is music, which even at his advanced age, he still continues to cultivate, playing many curious old-fashioned pieces, by masters whose names are now forgotten by the rest of the world; but upon whose different merits he frequently descants, with as much interest as we now feel in judging

between Rossini, Mayer, or Mozart; Scarlatti is one of his favourites. The house itself, when we first beheld its exterior, we could scarcely believe to be inhabited; so dilapidated, neglected, and rude was its appearance; it is impossible to give you any definite idea of the place altogether, but it was something between an ancient French chateau, and a barn. A few flowers were cultivated in the outer court, and trained so as to grow against the walls on either side the door; but we could see them only through a rude lattice of canes, which were necessary to protect them from being destroyed by the innumerable animals and birds which roved, without restraint, around the house, and all dwelt in loving fellowship beneath its roof; dogs, asses, cats, goats, and poultry. And yet, when we were seated in the drawing-room, we found infinite enjoyment in the coolness, shade, verdure, and tranquillity of the scene; the prospect from the windows was beautiful; a fine avenue of tall elm trees* enriched the foreground, and

* Almost a miracle in this part of Portugal, where the want of shade is so intolerable! Here every Sun-

in the distance was the pretty village of the "Linda Pastora," (Lovely Shepherdess,) its white cottages peeping forth from their screen of vine and orange trees; some of these humble tenements belong to our host Sen. J., who is Lord of the Manor, and pay him the valuable rent of two gallinos (fowls) a year. There was a singular mixture of luxury and rusticity in the interior of the chateau; while we sat upon rush-bottomed seats of the commonest manufacture, in apartments whose walls were simply whitewashed, and destitute of every thing worthy the name of furniture, while the roof would hardly keep out the weather, and the crazy doors and casements rattled in the slightest breeze, I found the toilette in the lady's bed-chamber completely appointed, and ornamented with vases of fresh gathered flowers, and silver boxes of rich filligree workmanship.

day, the kind possessors delighted to admit the peasantry, decked in their holiday attire, to mingle in the throng, and to encourage their harmless mirth—I once saw this done in England—would that it were a more frequent custom!

Our dinner was completely in the national taste, and the ease and gaiety of our kind hostess gave zest to the meal. Our attendants were numerous, and chiefly females of all ages, (children included,) Portugueze and Mulattos, drest in their holiday suits, and the latter with fresh carnations in their woolly heads; each vying with the other in showing the most caressing attentions to their English guests.—The children either stood behind the chair of their patron, ministering to his infirmity, or ran about, unchecked, sometimes exciting, at others correcting, the exuberant spirits of their playfellows, consisting of a dog, two or three kittens, and a kid; the latter is the pet of the family, and is loaded with amulets to preserve him from evil eyes; he remained perdue beneath the dinner-table, for the first few minutes after we were seated, nor did I discover his vicinity, until I felt something cold and damp touch my hand; it was his

"Innocent nose."

After coffee, we amused ourselves with

music, our venerable host being Maestro de Capella; he concluded by a Brazilian modinha, in the chorus of which he was joined by his party-coloured servants, (his children they might be called, from the lightness of their bondage,) who had been allowed to enter the apartment, and to participate in our pleasure.

How patriarchal is all this! I assure you I have seldom passed a more agreeable day, and I shall not easily forget the hospitality and frankness with which we were received, nor the flattering expressions of regret which were lavished at our departure.

LETTER LXV.

St. Amaro, Sept.

THE investiture of the king with the Order of the Garter is fixed to take place on Tuesday next; but I believe we are to sail for England the same day; therefore we shall not be able to avail ourselves of the politeness of Sir G. Nayler, who had invited us to witness the ceremony. At any other moment I believe I should have considered this deprivation in the light of a disappointment; but as it is, you will easily imagine that my mind has no leisure to dwell upon the circumstance. I need not detail the various minutiæ, of a mixed nature, some joyful, some painful, which now incessantly agitate my spirits, and from which I am glad to take refuge in the bustle of packing. The despair of my poor nurse,

expressed with all the national impetuosity of feeling, is really distressing to witness; she has taken leave of the infant, (who is now given up to an Englishwoman, whom I had sent for from Falmouth, to take charge of it during the voyage,) and after having wildly embraced it, she dashed herself down on the floor, in a sort of desperate agony, where she long remained drowned in tears, and insensible to the consolations of her mother and husband, who had arrived on purpose to convey her to her humble home; wringing her hands, and pale as marble, she at length slowly departed, after having tied a small cross around the neck of her little nursling, which I believe had been previously blest by a priest. Charms or amulets are in universal use in this country; many of them are worn as preservatives against the evil eye, for which they all retain a particular horror. One of their resources I cannot forbear to mention; when they meet a suspicious looking old woman, they never fail to crook all the fingers of the right hand in a peculiar manner one over the other, which they turn towards her, as

they pass; the witch (if she is one) can then do them no injury. Little ornaments for the neck, breast-pins, rings, &c. are often made in the form of two hands clasped together: another celebrated charm against sorcery; they are called figas, and I have one of them now in my possession, the gift of an humble friend.

On board the Stanmer Packet,
Sept. 30, 9 o'clock, P.M.

I finish this in the cabin of the vessel which by to-morrow's dawn will sail. What a day of mingled emotions have we passed! My excellent and constant friend herself conveyed me to the water's edge, (the children having previously been sent on board,) and here I experienced the pang of separation in all its bitterness. Long as I had wished to quit Portugal, much as I had ever felt its varied desagrémens, when the moment actually arrived, pain was the predominant feeling of my heart! Never shall I forget some pleasant days we have passed there; nor the distinguished kindness we have received from certain of its inhabitants.

I believe I said this to my friend, as involuntarily grasping each other's hands, we together watched the approach of the boat, as it advanced from the distant moorings, looking like a dark speck upon the bright waters of the river, then glowing in the crimson glories of the setting sun. "I shall never see another sun rise upon this romantic land" was my silent thought, and I looked back upon Lisbon almost with regret! Such is the impression which an eternal farewell leaves upon the spirits, that even, though I am returning to the country of my first and best affections, I cannot as yet shake off my dejection, nor "tune my soul to joy." Fair Portugal, adieu! Whatever may be thine imperfections, peace be with thee! Nor shall I ever cease to remember thee in the spirit of a thousand *saudades!*

THE END.

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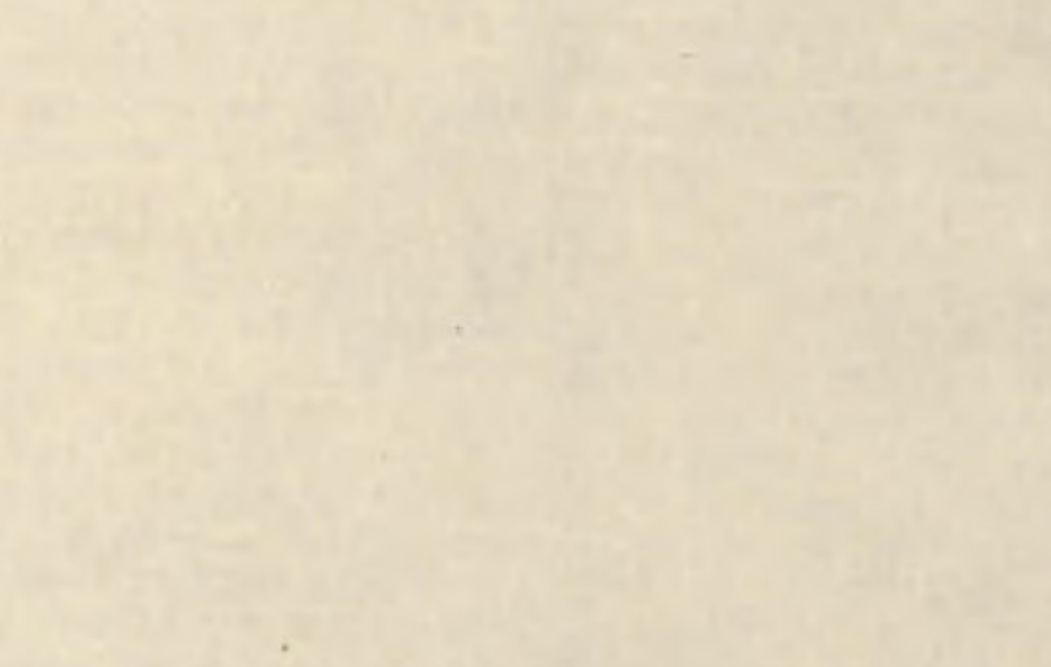

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